The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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ANTAGONISM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY H. S. COREY.

I know, I know the "bitter truth"
Must never quite be told;
We have many years before us yet,
And our love is growing old.
We trace it in a thousand signs
Which none beside may read:
This consciousness whose sullen dawn
Is comfortless indeed.

Our warm young love! its summer glow
Is waning day by day;
The roses knotted in our bonds
Are dropping fast away;
The crisping leaves lay bare the thorns;
The rusted links below
Wear deep into the cankered flesh
Whose scars must never show.

So few the bright years overpast!
So many years before!
So bound, and the long famine near
When we shall love no more!
Bound—hand to hand and foot to foot!
Each set face turned from each!
Famine—and but the husks of life,
And love within our reach!

Famine! we feel it in our hearts
That fret their welded chain,
The while we know that all our tugs
And wrenchings are in vain;
We feel it fierce and bitterly
In this consuming strife,
This hot monsoon that oversweeps
And desolates our life.

We may not dream of coming calm,
Not even hushed despair,
Since each aye chafes the other's mood
And stirs the whirlwind there;
And aye with thunder on the lip
And lightning in the eye,
Each strong will bares its stubborn head
While the black storm sweeps by.

The "bitter truth!" Oh but to end
This fevered dream of strife!
To crush this gibbering Fiend from out
The nightmare of our life!
To feel from off our warring souls
The riven shackles fall,
And death's sweet comfort dropped with balm
And healing over all!

STRONGHAND;

A ROMANCE OF THE PRAIRIES.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH," ETC., ETC.

THE INTERRUPTED QUARREL.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REAL DE MINAS.

For years past—that is to say, since the day when Captain Sutter, while digging a well at his plantation in San Francisco, accidentally found a lump of virgin gold—the discovery of the rich mines of the New World has so aroused interest and excited admiration, by giving a fresh impulse to avarice and covetousness, that we consider it necessary to say a few words here about the mines. Of course we shall allude to those situated in the country where the scene is laid—that is, in Sonora.

Sonora is the richest mining country in the world. Gold is found in alluvial soil in ravines after rain, and always on the surface or at a depth of a few feet. In the north of the province of Arispe, the placers of Quitoval and Sonoitac, which were found again in 1836, and to which we shall soon have to allude more specially, produced for three years two hundred ounces of gold per day—that is to say, reducing it to our money, the large sum of $1,250,000.

The gold-seekers restrict themselves to turning up the soil with a pointed stick, and only collect the nuggets that are visible; but if the streams were diverted from their course, and large washings undertaken, the profits would be far more considerable. It is not rare to find nuggets weighing several pounds; we saw at Arispe, in the hands of a miner, one that was worth nine thousand piastres, or about eighteen hundred pounds; and the Royal Cabinet at Madrid contains several magnificent specimens. We will soon describe how and why the working of these strata was interrupted.

Most of the buildings of the *pueblos*, or missions of Sonora, serve as the gathering place of the nomadic workmen and traders who collect round any important mine so soon as its working is begun. The place where the workmen assemble takes the name of *Real de Minas* or *Mineral;* and if the mine promises to be productive for any length of time, the population definitively settles round it. Many important towns of Mexico had no other origin. The facility with which the miners earn large sums explains the enormous consumption of European goods which takes place in the provinces. Simple rancheros may frequently be seen spending in a few days seven or eight pounds of gold, which only cost them a week's toil. Unhappily, the ruinous passion for gambling—that shameful leprosy of Mexico, whose inhabitants it degrades—prevents the great mine-owners from keeping a large capital on their hands, and thus checks works on a large scale.

Before resuming our narrative, we must also give the reader certain information about the Indian nations that inhabit the territory of Sonora. There are in this province five distinct tribes; the Yaquis, the Opatas, the Mayos, the Gilenos, and the Apaches. The Yaquis and Mayos occupy the country to the south of Guaymas, as far as the Rio del Huerto; they let themselves out to the creoles as farm laborers, masons, servants, miners, and divers. Their number is about forty thousand. The Opatas reside along the bank of the San Miguel de Horcasitos, the Arispe, the Los Ures, and the Opasina; they are very good workmen and excellent soldiers. They have always served the government faithfully, both Spanish and Mexican, and their number is estimated at thirty thousand.

The Gilenos spread along the banks of the Gila and Colorado rivers. The Axuas and Apaches, who belong to the Sierra Madre, are confounded under the name of Papawas. These Indians are nomadic, and only live by hunting and plunder; they were formerly encamped to the north of Chihuahua and Sonora; but being driven back by the progress of the Americans and Texans, they threw themselves upon the Mexican territory, where they cause immense damage, for they are well supplied with fire-arms, which they obtained in exchange for peltry and cattle at the American establishments at the Arkansas, the Missouri, and the Rio Bravo del Norte. In order to complete this brief enumeration of the Indian nations of Sonora, we will mention a mission established at the gates of Hermosillo, and in which five hundred Seris Indians lived; a thousand members of the same tribe, formerly one of the most powerful in this country, but now almost extinct, dwelt on the coast to the north of Guaymas, and in Tiburon or Sharkesland.

We will now temporarily leave Stronghand and Jose Paredes at the top of the hill, where they found a shelter from the inundation, and lead the reader to the Real de Minas of Quitoval, where certain important events are about to take place.

It was the evening: the streets and plazas of the pueblo were crowded with individuals of every description: Yaquis Indians, hunters, miners, gambusinos, monks, and adventurers, who composed the motley population of the Mineral, mounted and foot, incessantly jostled each other, and bowed, spoke, laughed, or quarrelled. Some were returning from the placer, where they had been at work all day; others were leaving their houses to enjoy the evening breeze; others, and they were the larger number, were entering the drinking shops, through whose doors could be heard the songs of the topers, and the shrill, inharmonious tinkling jarabes and vihuelas.

One of these *tendajos*, of a more comfortable and less dirty appearance than the rest, seemed to have the privilege of attracting a greater number of customers than all the rival establishments. After passing through a low door and descending two steps of unequal height, the visitor found himself in a species of hideous den, resembling at once a cellar and a shed, whose earthen flooring, rendered uneven by the mud constantly brought in by customers, caused persons to stumble at each step who visited the place for the first time. A hot heavy vapor, impregnated with alcoholic fumes and mephitic exhalations, escaped through the door of this den, as from the mouth of Hades, and painfully affected mouth and eyes, before the latter became accustomed to the close, obscure aspect of the place, and were enabled to pierce the thick curtain of vapor, which was constantly drawn from one side to the other by the movements of the customers. They perceived, by the dubious light of a few *candils* scattered here and there, a large and lofty room, whose once whitewashed walls had become black at the lower part by the constant friction of heads, backs, and shoulders, to which they served as a support.

Facing the door was a dais, raised about a foot above the ground; this dais occupied the entire width of the room, and was divided into two parts; that on the right contained a table forming a bar, behind which stood a tall, active fellow, with false look and ill-tempered face, the master of the tendajo. Above the head of this respectable personage, who answered to the harmonious name of Cospeto, a niche had been made in the wall, in which was a statue of the Virgin, holding the Holy Infant in her arms; in front of the statue a dozen small wax tapers, fixed on a row of iron points, were burning. The left hand portion of the dais was occupied by the musicians, or performers on jarabes and vihuelas.

On each side of the room, the centre of which remained free for the dancers, ran rickety-made, and dirty tables, occupied at this moment by a crowd of customers, some seated on benches, others standing, laughing, talking, shouting, quarrelling; drinking mezcal, refino, pulque, or infusion of tamarinds, or else staking at monte the gold earned during the day at the mine, and which their dirty hands fetched from the pockets of the shapeless rags that served them as garments. A few women, creatures without a name, whose features were sodden with debauchery, and eyes deep sunk with drinking, were mingled with the crowd; and all, both men and women, were smoking either cigars or husk cigarettes.

Nothing can describe the hideous aspect of this infamous Pandemonium, the refuge of all the vices of the province, overlooked by the gentle, smiling face of the statue of the Virgin, whose features, in the light of the tapers, assumed an expression of wondrous pity and sorrow.

At the moment when we invite the reader to enter this drinking-shop with us the fun was at its height, the room was full of drinkers and dancers, and the whole mob laughed, yelled, and made a row which would have rendered the saint herself deaf. On the left, near the door, a man, wrapped up in a thick cloak, one end of which was raised to his face, and completely concealed his features, was sitting motionless at a separate table, looking absently and carelessly at the dancers who whirled round him. When a new comer entered the tendajo, this man looked toward the door, and then turned his head away with an air of ill-humor when he perceived that the new comer was not the person that he had been so long expecting, for he had been sitting alone at this table for upwards of two hours. Still no one paid, or seemed to pay, any attention to him—all were too much absorbed in their own occupations to think about a man who obstinately remained gloomy and silent amid this revelry. The stranger, so often deceived in his expectations, at length gave up looking toward the door; he let his head fall on his chest and went to sleep, or pretended to do so, either for the sake of not attracting attention, or else to indulge with greater freedom in his reflections.

All at once a formidable disturbance broke out at the end of the room; a table was upset by a vigorous blow; oaths crossed each other in the air, and knives were drawn from boots; musicians and dancers stopped short, and a circle was formed round two men who with frowning brows, eyes sparkling with intoxication and passion, a zarape rolled as a buckler round the left arm, and a navaja in their right hand, were preparing, according to all appearance, to attack each other vigorously. The tendagero, or master of the house, then proved himself equal to the position he occupied—he leaped like a jaguar over the counter behind which he had hitherto stood coldly and indifferently, merely engaged in watching his waiters and serving customers; he closed the front door, against which he leant his powerful shoulders, in order to prevent any customer bolting without payment of his score, and prepared with evident interest to witness the fight.

The two men, with outstretched legs, left arm advanced, bodies bent forward, and knife held by the middle of the blade, were standing looking in each other's eyes, ready for attack, defence, or parry. All at once the mysterious sleeper appeared to wake with a start, as if surprised by the voice of one of the adversaries, took a hasty glance at the combatants, and then darted between them.

"What is the matter?" he asked, in a firm voice, the sound of which affected the duellists, who were astounded at an interference they had been far from expecting.

"This man," one of them answered, "has lost three ounces to me at monte, through the unexpected turn up of the ace of spades."

"Well?" the stranger interjected.

"He refuses to pay me," the gambler continued; "because he declares that the cards were packed, and that consequently I cheated him, which is not true, for—*vive Dios;* I am known to be a caballero."

At this affirmation, which was slightly erroneous, a smile of singular meaning, but which no one saw, curled the stranger's lip; he continued, in a more serious voice—"it is true that you are a caballero, and I would affirm it were it necessary; but the most honest man is subject to deceive himself, and I am convinced that this has happened to you. Hence, instead of fighting with this caballero, whose honor and loyalty cannot either be doubted, prove to him that you recognise your error by paying him the three ounces, which you claimed of him through an oversight; this gentleman will apologise for having used certain ugly expressions, and all will then be settled to the general satisfaction."

"Certainly, I am convinced that this caballero is a man of honor; I am ready to proclaim it anywhere, and I regret with all my soul the misunderstanding which momentarily divided us," said the individual who had not yet spoken, though he remained on the defensive, a position that slightly contradicted the apparent good-humor of his remark.

The stranger then turned to the man whose friend he had so unexpectedly made himself, and gave him a sign which the other appeared to understand.

"Well, caballero," he said, with an irony whose expression was hardly noticeable, "what do you think of this apology? For my part, I consider it complete and most honorable."

The man thus addressed hesitated for a moment; a combat was evidently going on in his mind; his furious glances seemed to challenge the company; and had he perceived on the face of one of the spectators an expression of contempt, however fugitive it might have been, he would doubtless have immediately picked another quarrel. But all the persons who surrounded him were cold and indifferent; curiosity alone was legible on their features. He unrolled his cloak, returned the knife to his boot, and held out his hand to his adversary at the same time that he gave him three ounces.

"Pardon me an involuntary error at which I am truly confused," he said, with a courteous bow, but with a sigh he could not restrain.

The other took the ounces without pressing, thrust them away in his capacious pockets with far from ordinary dexterity, returned the salute, and mingled with the crowd, who, through a lengthened acquaintance with the two men, did not at all comprehend this peaceful result."

"Now, Master Kidd," the stranger continued, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of the adventurer, who stood motionless in the middle of the room, "I suppose that all your business here is settled; so, with your permission, we will withdraw."

"As you please," Kidd answered, carelessly, for this man was no other than the bandit we came across in the opening of our story.

The groups had broken up, the crowd had dispersed, musicians and dancers had returned to their places, and the two men could consequently leave without attracting attention. The stranger, when he reached the purer atmosphere of the street, took several deep inspirations, as if trying to expel from his lungs the vitiated air he had been constrained to swallow for so long. Then he turned to his companion, who was walking silently by his side.

"*Cuerpo de Cristo!* Master Kid," he said, in a tone of ill-humor, "you are, it must be confessed, a singular fellow; you compel me, the commandant of this pueblo, to come and hunt you up at this filthy den, where, on your entreaty, I consented to meet you, and instead of watching for my arrival, you leave me among the most perfect collection of bandits I ever saw in my life."

"Excess of zeal, captain; so you must not be angry with me for that," the bandit answered, with a cunning look. "In order to be punctual at the rendezvous I gave you, I had been for nearly four hours at the worthy Senor Cospeto's. Not knowing how to spend my time, I played at cards. You know what monte is; once I have the cards in my hand, and the gold on the other table, I forget everything."

"Good, good," the stranger answered. "I am willing to believe you. Still, I pledge you my word, that if you dupe me in the affair you have proposed, and the information you offer to sell me is false, you will repent it. You know me, I think, Master Kidd?"

"Yes, Captain Don Marcos de Niza—and I suppose that you know me, too; but of what use is this discussion? Let us settle our business first, and then you can act as you think proper."

The captain gave him a suspicious glance.

"It is well," he said, as he rapped at the door; "come in, this is my house; I prefer treating with you here to the tendajo."

"As you please," the bandit said, and followed the captain into his house, the doors of which were closed behind them.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BARGAIN.

Captain Don Marcos de Niza, whom we left commanding the post of San Miguel, and defending it against the Indians, had been a few days previously summoned to the political and military government of the Mineral of Quitoval, by an order that arrived from Mexico, and emanated from the President of the Republic himself. The fact was, that during the last few days certain events had occurred which demanded energetic action on the part of the President. All at once, at a moment when no discontent was supposed to exist among the Indians, the latter, after long councils they had held together, revolted, and had, without any declaration of war, invaded the Mexican territory at several points simultaneously. This revolt suddenly assumed serious proportions; and had become the more formidable within a short time, because the revolters were the Gilenos, that is to say, the Comanches, Apaches, and Axuas, whose dangerous country is known by the name of the Papawas.

The general commanding Sonora and Cinaloa, the two states most exposed to the depredations of the Indians, saw that he must oppose to the Indians a man who, through a lengthened residence on the borders, had acquired great experience as to their way of fighting and the tricks they employ. Only one officer fulfilled these conditions, and that officer was Captain de Niza; he, therefore, received orders to quit the post of San Miguel after dismantling it, and proceed immediately to the Mineral of Quitoval. The captain obeyed with that promptitude which old soldiers alone can display in the execution of the orders they receive. His first care, on reaching the Mineral, was to protect the pueblo, as far as possible, from a surprise, by digging a large trench, throwing up entrenchments, and barricading the principal streets.

Unfortunately, the general commanding the provinces had but a very limited military force at his disposal; scarce amounting to six hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry, without field artillery. Hence, in spite of his lively desire to give the captain a respectable force, as he was obliged to scatter his troops along the whole seaboard of the two states, he found it impossible to send to Quitoval more than one hundred infantry and fifty cavalry. In spite of the numerical weakness of his troops the captain did not

despair. He was one of those men to whom the performance of duty was everything, and who carry out without a murmur the most extraordinary order.

Still, as he expected to be attacked at any moment by an army of ten or fifteen thousand veteran Indians amply supplied with firearms, and who, through being accustomed to fight with Spaniards, could not be easily terrified, he had to augment the number of his soldiers, so as to have men enough to line the entrenchments he had thrown up round the town. He had two means by which to obtain this result, and he employed them. The first consisted in making the great mine owners understand that they must participate in the defences of the pueblo, either personally or by arming and placing under his orders a certain number of the peons they employed; for if the Indians succeeded in seizing the Mineral, the source of their wealth would be at once dried up.

The great owners understood the captain's reasons the more easily because their interests were at stake. They therefore enthusiastically followed his advice, and raised at their common charge a corps of one hundred and fifty Opatas—brave soldiers, thoroughly devoted to the whites. They placed this corps under the captain's orders, pledging themselves to pay and support it so long as the danger lasted. Don Marcos thus doubled his army at one stroke. This success, which he had been far from expecting, owing to his profound knowledge of the apathy and selfishness of his countrymen, induced him to try the second plan.

This was very simple. It consisted in enlisting, for a certain bounty, as many as he could of the adventurers who always swarm on the borders, and whose neutrality is at times more formidable than declared enmity. The sum offered by the captain was two ounces per man, one payable on enlistment, the other at the termination of the campaign. This offer, seductive though it was, did not produce all the effect the captain expected from it. The adventurers responded but feebly to the appeal made to them. These men, in whose hearts patriotic love does not exist, and who only care for pillage, saw in the insurrection of the Indians a source of disorder, and, consequently, of rapine. They cared very little about defending a state of things which their predacious instincts led them, on the contrary, to attack.

Thirty or forty adventurers, however, responded to the call; and these immoral men, who were impatient at the yoke of discipline, were rather an embarrassment than an assistance to the captain; still as, take them altogether, they were sturdy fellows, and thoroughly acquainted with Indian warfare, he attached them to his cavalry, which was thus raised to a strength of one hundred men. Don Marcos thus found himself at the head of two hundred and fifty infantry and one hundred horse—a force which appeared to him, if well directed, more than sufficient to withstand, behind good entrenchments, the effort of the whole Indian army.

We are aware that this number of men defending a town will produce a smile of pity among many readers, who are accustomed to see on battle-fields masses of a hundred thousand men come into collision. But all is relative in this world. In this part of America, where the population is comparatively small, great things have often been decided at the bayonet's point by armies whose relative strength did not exceed that of one of our line regiments. In the last battle fought between the Texans and Mexicans—a battle which decided the independence of Texas—the two armies together did not amount to two thousand men, and yet the collision was terrible, and victory obstinately disputed. In the actions between white men and Indians, the latter, in spite of their indomitable valor, were almost always defeated in a pitched battle, in spite of their crushing superiority of numbers. Not through the courage of their enemies, but by their discipline and military skill. The latter is certainly very limited, but sufficient for adversaries such as they have to combat.

One night, when the captain returned home after his usual visit to the pueblo to assure himself that all was in order, a ragged lepero, more than half intoxicated with mescal and pulque, handed him with an infinitude of bows a dirty slip of paper folded up in the shape of a letter. Don Marcos de Nina was not accustomed to neglect anything. He attached as much importance to apparently frivolous events as to those which seemed to possess a certain gravity. He stopped, took the letter, gave a real to the lepero, who went away quite satisfied, and entered his house, which was situated on the Plaza Mayor, in the centre of the pueblo.

After throwing his cap and sword on a table, the captain opened the letter. He read it at first rather carelessly; but ere long he began frowning, and read the letter a second time, attentively weighing each word. Then at the end of a moment he folded up the letter, and said in a low voice, "I will go."

This letter came from Kidd. The captain had been long acquainted with the bandit, and knew certain peculiar facts about him which would have been most disagreeable to the bandit, had the latter suspected that the captain was so thoroughly initiated in the secrets of his vagabond life. Hence Don Marcos fancied he had no right to neglect the overtures the other was pleased to make; while keeping on his guard and determined to punish him severely if he deceived him. The captain, therefore, proceeded without hesitation to the place where the adventurer appointed to meet him. He had waited for him for several hours with exemplary patience, and would probably have waited longer still, had not chance suddenly brought them face to face in the way we have described.

When the two men had entered the house, and the door closed after them, Don Marcos de Nina, still closely followed by the bandit, who, in spite of his impudence, looked around him timidly, like a wolf caught in a sheepfold, led him into a room the door of which he carefully closed. The captain pointed to a chair, sat down at a table, laid a brace of pistols ostentatiously within his reach, and said—

"Now I am ready to hear you."

"*Caramba!*" the bandit said, impudently; "that is possible; but the point is whether I am disposed to speak."

"And why not, pray, my excellent friend?"

"Hang it, captain," he said, as he pointed to the pistols, "there are two plaything not at all adapted to set my tongue wagging."

Don Marcos looked at him in a way that made the adventurer involuntarily let his eyes fall, and then leant his elbows on the table.

"Master Kidd," he then said, in a stern voice, though a certain tone of sarcasm was perceptible in it, "I like a distinct understanding; let us therefore, before anything establish our relative positions. You have led a very agitated life, Master Kidd; your vagabond humor, your mad desire to appropriate certain things to which you have a very dubious claim have led you into a few mistakes, whose results might prove remarkably disagreeable to you."

The bandit shook his head in denial.

"I will not dwell," the captain continued, mockingly, on a subject which must make your modesty greatly suffer, and will come at once to the motives of your presence here, and the positions we must hold towards each other. I am commandant of this pueblo, and in that capacity compelled to watch over its external safety as well as its internal tranquility, I think you will agree with me."

"Yes, captain," the bandit answered, somewhat reassured at finding the conversation turned away from such delicate topics.

"Very good; you wrote me this letter, appointing a meeting and offering to sell—that is your own word—certain most important information, as you say, for the continuance of the safety and tranquility which I am bound to maintain. Another man might have treated you in the Indian fashion. After having you arrested, he would have ordered a cord to be fastened round your temples; or your suspension by your thumbs—as you have done yourself, if report be true, on various occasions with less valid reasons; and have so thoroughly loosened your tongue that you would not have kept a single secret back. I have preferred dealing with you as an honest man."

The bandit breathed again.

"Still, as you are one of those persons with whom it is advisable to take precautions, and in whom a confidence cannot be placed, as they would not scruple to abuse it on the first opportunity, I retain not only the right, but also the means of blowing out your brains if you have the slightest intention of deceiving me."

"Oh, captain, what an idea! Blow out my brains!" the bandit stammered.

"Do you fancy, my dear Senor," the captain continued, still sarcastically, "that your friends will pity you greatly, if such a misfortune happened to you?"

"Hum! to tell you the truth, I do not exactly know," the adventurer answered, with an attempt to jest; "people are so unkind. But, since you accept the bargain offered to you—for you do accept it, I think, captain?"

"I do."

"What, then, will you give me in exchange for what I shall tell you?"

"You sell; I buy; it is your place to make your conditions; and, if they are not exorbitant—if, in a word, they seem to me fair, I will accept them; so, speak, what do you ask?"

"*Caraj!* captain; it is a delicate question, for I am an honest man."

"That is allowed," Don Marcos interrupted him with a laugh. "Name your price."

"Fifty ounces; would that be too much?" the bandit ventured.

"Certainly not, if the thing be worth it."

"Then," Kidd exclaimed, joyfully, "that is understood, fifty ounces."

"I repeat, if it be worth it."

"Oh, you shall judge for yourself," he remarked, rubbing his hands.

"I ask nothing better but to buy, and to prove to you that I have no intention of cheating you," he added, as he opened a drawer and took out a rather heavy purse, "here is the amount."

And the captain made two piles each of twenty-five ounces, exactly between the pistols. At the sight of the gold the bandit's eyes sparkled like those of a wild beast.

"*Baco de Dios!* captain," he exclaimed; "there is a pleasure in treating with you. I will remember it another time."

"I ask nothing better, Master Kidd. Now speak, I am listening."

"Oh, I have not much to say; but you will judge whether it is important."

"Go on; I am all ears."

"In two words, this is the matter; the Papazos have not elected a chief, but an emperor."

"An emperor?"

"Yes."

"What do they assert, then?"

"They mean to be free, and wish to constitute their independence upon a solid basis."

"Do you know this emperor?"

"I have seen him, at least."

"Who is he?"

"A man who is the more formidable because he appears to belong to the white rather than the red race; and is thoroughly conversant with all the means hitherto employed by the Indians."

"Is he young?"

"He is sixty; but as active as if he were only twenty."

"Very good; proceed."

"Is that important?"

"Very important. But not worth fifty ounces, for all that."

"The Yaquis, Mayos, and Soris have allowed themselves to be seduced, and have entered the confederation. They have taken up again their old plans of 1827—you remember, at the time of their great revolution?"

"Yes; go on."

"The first expedition the chief of the confederation means to undertake is the capture of the Real de Minas."

"I am aware of it."

"Yes; but do you know, captain, that the Indians have spies even among the garrison; that all is ready for the attack, and that the Papazos intend to surprise you within the next two days?"

"Who gave you this information?"

The bandit smiled craftily.

"What use my telling you, captain," he answered, "if the information is correct?"

"Do you know the men who have entered into negotiations with the enemy?"

"I do."

"In that case tell me their names."

"It would be imprudent, captain."

"Why so?"

"Judge for yourself. Suppose I were to tell you their names, what would happen?"

"*Viva Dios!*" the captain sharply interrupted him. "I should shoot them like the miserable dogs they are, and to serve as a warning to others."

"Well, that is the mistake, captain."

"How a mistake?"

"Why, yes; suppose you shoot ten men?"

"Twenty, if necessary!"

"Say twenty, it is of no consequence to me; but those who remain, whom neither you nor I know, will tell you to the Indians, so that the only result will be precipitating the evil instead of preventing it."

"Ah, ah!" the commandant said, with an expressive glance at the bandit. "And what would you do in my place?"

"Oh, a very simple thing."

"Well, what is it?"

"I would leave the scamps at liberty to prepare their treachery, while carefully watching them; and when the moment for attack arrived, I would have them quietly arrested; so that the Indians would be surprised, instead of surprising us, and we should cheat the cunning cheats."

The captain appeared to reflect for a moment, and then said—"The plan you recommend seems to me good, and for the present I see no inconvenience in carrying it out. Give me the names of the traitors."

Kidd mentioned a dozen names, which the captain wrote down after him.

"Now," Don Marcos continued, "there are your fifty ounces, and I shall give as many each time you bring me information as valuable as that of to-day. I pay you dearly, so it is your interest to serve me faithfully; but remember, that if you deceive me, nothing can save you from the punishment I will inflict on you, and that punishment, I warn you, will be terrible."

The adventurer bounded on the money like a wild beast on a prey it has long coveted, concealed it with marvellous dexterity in his wide pockets, and said to the captain with a bow—"Senor Don Marcos, I have always thought that in this world gold was the sovereign master, and that it alone had the right to command."

After accompanying these singular words with a smiling and almost mocking expression, Kidd bowed for the last time and disappeared, leaving the captain to his reflections.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Feb. 18, 1871.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS.

We have still a fair supply of the back numbers which contain the whole of Leonie's Mystery, and a large amount of other interesting reading—being admirable entertainment for the long winter evenings. A great chance for new subscribers.

MESSCHERT.—On Wednesday, the 8th instant, at his country seat, near Douglassville, Berks county, Pennsylvania, Huinlnga Messchert, in his 63d year.

We find the above notice in the daily papers—and also find the following in the *Daily Press*:—

One of Philadelphia's oldest and most honored citizens has passed away in the death of Colonel H. Messchert. This gentleman was a native of Philadelphia, and was born in what is now the Twenty-second ward. Although a member of the legal profession, he but seldom appeared at the bar, devoting his time to the management of his large estate. During the war Colonel Messchert manifested great interest in the success of the Union, and freely gave of his fortune in the equipment of the volunteer regiments which left this city. It was at that time that he gained his military title.

We had no personal acquaintance with Colonel Messchert, but we know him through our subscription books, as a warm and liberal friend of THE POST.

For at least twenty years past—probably longer—he was in the habit of subscribing for five or six copies of our paper regularly. They were all sent to his address, and were, we believe, for the use of his own family. Frequently, too, when we suppose an article pleased him, he would buy five or six other copies, for distribution among his friends. We count it now among our neglected duties, that we never thought to see him personally and thank him for his evident interest in our labors. But so we run our course in this life continually—forgetting the things we ought to do, the words we ought to speak, till the cold hand of death is laid upon mouth or ear, and what could so easily have been said to-day, is no longer possible to-morrow.

OUR LETTERS.

M. A. B., of Chalasky, Penn., says:—

"Please send us THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, we cannot do without them any longer."

Mrs. F. M. B., of Ramsey, Ill., sending on a club, says:—

"May the work for that good magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND, and that best of literary papers, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, go briskly on."

R. J. R., of Hannibal, Mo., says:—

"I have been a reader of THE POST so long I cannot do without it."

F. H. T., of Coalmouth, West Virginia, writes, in sending on a club:—

"I was the only subscriber here last year, but not wishing to be selfish, have concluded to get up a club, and let my friends enjoy with me the good things in both THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND."

J. A. H., of Whitesville, Georgia, says:—

"As the time of my subscription draws to a close, we feel that to lose THE POST would be like losing some dear member of the family."

T. A., now of New Jersey, says:—

"I see a variety of notices of commendation in THE POST, which induces me to add mine, in saying that I have taken it for 46 years without intermission. When a resident of Philadelphia, with my children then at home, I would not have parted with it for four times the annual cost of subscription, and I still continue to take it, although my children are married and away; but my wife is as fond of perusing it now as formerly. Can you find *many* older subscribers on your list?"

We have very few as old as that.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1871. Published by HENRY A. DREER, Seedsman and Florist, No. 714 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

THE PENN MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY. Published by the University Press Company, 103 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.

WORK AND PLAY. A Journal of Instruction and Amusement for the Young. Published by Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY FOR FEBRUARY. Edited by THOMAS MEEHAN. Published by Brinckloe & Marot, 23 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW FOR JANUARY. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

OLD AND NEW FOR FEBRUARY. Contains "Pink and White Tyranny," "Protoplasm Again," "A Lady's Journey in Syria," "Before I Went to Brook Farm," "A Nearer Hemisphere," "Sorrento Papers," "Record of Progress," and numerous other articles in prose and verse. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

FOREIGN NEWS.

VERSAILLES, Feb. 10.—[Special to N. Y. Herald.]—Count Bismarck is again quite ill, and his condition causes great uneasiness.

VERSAILLES, Feb. 10.—Returns from 11 departments indicate the election of Bonapartist, Orleans and clerical candidates, but of very few Republicans. Generals Le Flo and Trochu are elected from Finisterre.

The duration of the armistice will probably be extended, so that the Assembly may have time to perfect the work of restoration.

The London Times, in its remarks upon the portion of the Royal speech announcing the reference of American questions to a joint High Commission, says that it is erroneous to suppose that it is the purpose of the Commission to find grounds for England to abandon her position, or to concede her liability upon the Alabama question.

The English Difficulties.

The President on the 9th sent to the Senate a message enclosing diplomatic correspondence, showing that the United States and Great Britain have agreed upon the appointment of a joint commission to settle the Alabama claims, fisheries question, and other matters in dispute between the two countries. The commission is to meet in Washington. The President has nominated as commissioners on the part of the United States, Secretary Fish, General Schenck, Judge Nelson, ex-Attorney General Hoar, and Senator Williams, of Oregon. The British Commissioners, five in number, have been appointed, as follows: Earl de Grey, Professor Montague Bonyard, Sir E. Thornton, Sir James McDonald, of Canada, and Sir John Rose.

☞ Pope Pius the Ninth handles a billiard cue with much skill.

☞ The Princess of Prussia makes her own dresses and bonnets.

☞ Twenty quires make one ream; one Ream makes a statue.

☞ The mania for monograms has broken out in a new place, viz., on the crystal to ladies' watches.

☞ We have excellent authority for denying the report that Dr. Livingstone was last heard from at Ijijij. The fact is, his letter was written at Ijijij

Marked for the Knife.

About two years before the startling revelations respecting the dissecting trade in Edinburgh had placed the legal supply of "subjects" upon a satisfactory footing, there occurred to my elder brother, at that time a delicate boy of about fourteen, a fearful adventure.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's throw of our hall door was a lock and a lock-house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

The canal, at a point about seventy yards from the lock, makes a slight deflection. The consequence is, that neither the lock nor our house is visible from the long, straight level that follows, and which is closely fenced between tall hedges and old trees.

My brother had been ordered walking exercise, and my father generally appointed the path beside the level I have described for his walk. The traffic, never very active, was, at that time, in a state little better than extinct. Not more than two or three boats passed in a day, and, chiefly owing to its perfect quietude, it had been chosen for the walk of our solitary invalid.

It was now summer, and the hour of his daily walk was from five to seven, the earlier hours of the afternoon being pronounced too hot for exercise.

On the evening in question he set out alone. His usual walk was to a point two miles up the level, where there was a stone block, on which he used to sit and rest a little before setting out for home.

While he was taking his ease on this stone bench, and listlessly looking up and down the long and deserted reach of water, there emerged, a few yards to his left, from a sequestered path, a singular figure, which approached slowly and passed him by, with only the narrow tow-path between them. It was moving in the direction of our home, and was that of an emaciated man, with a complexion dark as very old boxwood, limping, as it seemed, painfully, very much stooped, and with a big angular hump upon his back. His hair was long and coarse-black, he had prominent dark eyes, under thick black brows, and his face and chin were stubbed with a week's growth of beard. He was leaning heavily on a long stick, and walked with a kind of hitch which resembled a spasm, and gave one the idea that each step was accompanied by a separate sting of pain.

The face of this man expressed extreme weakness and suffering, and might almost be that of a man dragging himself away, with a mortal wound, to some spot where he might lie down and die in quiet.

He had on a long and heavy bottle green coat, which had grown to be, indeed, a coat of many colors; for the threadbare and greasy ground was overlaid, with fantastic and extraordinary industry, with a tesselation of patches, of every imaginable color, in which yellow, and red, and blue, and black were discernible, under a varnish of grease, and toned with a variety of dirt; and even these patches were patched again, and had broken here and there into rents and fissures, and bunches of threads and tatters. Round his body was buckled a broad discolored leathern strap, and he wore a wide-leafed felt hat, with a rather conical crown, brown and grimed by time and ill-treatment.

This figure, with long gaiters of rabbit-skin, and shapeless "brogues," limped past my brother without taking the slightest notice of him; and now and then uttering a short groan, as if of suppressed pain, he excited the wonder and in some degree the compassion of the boy. He watched the progress of this man, who was moving with great difficulty, and with many halts, in the direction of our home. It was not until he had got on nearly a quarter of a mile that my brother got up, now quite rested, to follow in the same direction. As this strange, crooked man with the stick walked on, he appeared to grow more and more exhausted, and at length he tottered into a little recess at the edge of the path, and fell helplessly on his side among the bushes.

The boy quickened his pace, and as he approached the spot he passed the head of a narrow lane, in which he saw a donkey and cart standing. The cart had in it, upon some straw, a piece of old carpet, from under which emerged some folds of coarse canvas, like a part of an old sack; but he could not see any one in charge of this conveyance, though, being anxious to obtain help, he called repeatedly.

Despairing of succor, he went on, and reached the point where he had seen the man fall. Here he found him. He had crept a little farther in among the bushes. He was supporting himself feebly on the ground upon his elbow, his eyes turned up as if he were on the point of swooning, and he moaned faintly.

The boy's courage almost failed him; but the sick man seemed to perceive him, turned his eyes upon him imploringly, and extending his hand toward him, so evidently signalled for aid that my brother could not help drawing near.

The fainting man then told him, in a whisper, that if he would take his hand and draw him gently toward him, he would perhaps be able to turn himself a little to his great relief.

My brother did give him his hand accordingly, and the fainting man, instead of taking it, wised his arm above the elbow, with a gigantic hand, in a grip like a vice, and jerking him under, sprang over him, thrusting his other arm round and beneath him, so as to pinion him fast. He had carried in his hand the end of the belt which he had removed from around his own body while waiting for his prey, and with a dexterity acquired, no doubt, by long practice, in a moment, with the now disengaged hand, he drew it and buckled it round the boy's arms and body at a single jerk, with a pressure so powerful that he could scarcely breathe, much less disengage his arms.

In another moment, with his knee on the boy's chest, and one broad hand placed right across his mouth, so as to stifle his screams effectually, he hitched round what had seemed to be his hump, but what proved to be in fact a bundle, from which, with the other hand, he took out, with the quickness and neatness of a skilled manipulator, two things; one a sort of cushion about eight inches square, covered with chamois-leather—I have that horrible relic, no doubt intended to aid in the process of suffocation, still in my possession; the other was the renowned pitch-plaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended, for the disclosures in Edinburgh had not yet enlightened and terrified people of all ages throughout England.

The miscreant kept his face close to his victim's, with his powerful eyes fixed on his. His dark, lean features and long beak, and the thick hair that hung forward like a sooty plumage round them, and the long, sinewy neck that arched over my poor brother as he lay at his assailant's mercy, gave him, in the fascinated gaze of the boy, the appearance of a monstrous bird of prey.

I dare say this ghoul had an actual power, such as many men are said to possess, of controlling the springs of action, mental and bodily, by some occult power of the eye. To my brother it seemed that it needed a perpetual and desperate struggle of will to prevent a frightful trance from stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly raised from the boy's mouth. He intended, no doubt, at this instant to introduce the pitch-plaster, which was to stop both mouth and nostrils. But my brother, now struggling frantically, uttered two piercing yells, which compelled the murderer to replace his hand before he had accomplished his purpose. He was evidently now transported with fury. Up to this he had been operating as methodically as a spider. He looked so fiendish that my brother fancied he would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

His plans, however, were different. He had no idea of losing sight of his interests, much less of his safety. No principle of his nefarious trade was better established than the absolute necessity of leaving no trace of actual violence upon the persons of his victims. Even the knee with which he held his prey was padded so carefully that the young boy's breast did not exhibit the slightest contusion, although so long under a pressure which held him at the verge of suffocation.

Rapidly, and with more success, the villain again essayed his final sleight. One dreadful yell escaped, and the deadly pitch-plaster was fixed on mouth and nose, and another sound or respiration became impossible.

The leafy bushes above and about him, the figure, the face of the spectre, began to swim before his eyes. He saw the man, still on his knees, rise with a start and pause, with eyes askance, and his dark hand to his ear. In the next instant he had disappeared.

In his struggles the boy now rolled from the lair in which he had been attacked into the clear light upon the open path, where he lay perfectly insensible.

When consciousness returned, which was not for some minutes, three men were about him, whose fortunate approach frightened the vulture from his prey, drenching his head with water, and all endeavoring to extract a word of explanation; but for long after he could not speak a syllable, nor, for some time, even hear distinctly what they said.

Not a moment was lost, as soon as he was able to describe what had happened, in directing pursuit wherever any results were the least likely.

All my brother could say as to the point toward which the assassin had directed his flight was that, as his sight failed, he thought, though very indistinctly, he saw him pass away obliquely in the direction of the lane in which he had observed the donkey-cart.

It must have belonged to an accomplice, who was there by arrangement. Everything had been prepared to carry away the body of the poor fellow, which would have been secured in the sack, enveloped in the carpet, and covered with straw, and thus secreted in some lonely lock-up yard, until, at dead of night, it would have been conveyed to the dissecting-room. The boy's hat thrown upon the water would have turned inquiry off the scent, and induced delay.

The strap, still buckled with cruel force about the poor fellow's arms and ribs, the chamois cushion I have mentioned, and the pitch-plaster fixed over the lower part of his face, were the only "properties" of the villain left to indicate his visit.

The cool old assassin had carried off every other trace of his presence, and he and his comrade, taking the donkey-cart with them, had decamped with a celerity, and managed their disguise with an art, which, as matters then were, and with a full hour's start, had baffled pursuit.

No doubt with the police force now at our command the result might have been different. As it was, no clue whatever was discovered; and this was positively marvellous, considering the marked peculiarities of dress and of person that belonged to the culprit. The persons best acquainted with the ways of our criminals at that period were of opinion however, that the strange details of the dress, the gait, the hair, the complexion, and the distortion of the figure, were parts of an elaborate piece of masquerading.

There was some controversy as to the object of the projected crime. It was not until the terrific exposure at Edinburgh had made all the world horribly familiar with the machinery of that peculiar species of murder that all debate upon the matter ceased, and the pitch-plaster was accepted as conclusive evidence that the body was intended for sale to the surgeons.

No doubt these poachers on a great scale were thoroughly skilled in all the finesse and strategy of their contraband art. The regularity of my brother's solitary walk, its favorable hour, and the easy suggestion of drowning as the cause of his disappearance, had all been noted, and the enterprise was, as I have told you, very nearly accomplished, when an unexpected interruption saved him.

☞ Mr. Gladstone is 61 years old, and Mr. Disraeli 65.

☞ The British navy has acquired a Japanese sub-lieutenant.

☞ Thirty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones were found secreted in a false calf worn by an arrival from a foreign port named A. C. Radcliffe. The smuggler was committed.

☞ A Boston paper urges that the names of the builders should always be given in reports of fire caused by defective flues.

☞ Four hundred and twenty-five female students of Illinois University have forwarded to Congress a petition against woman suffrage.

☞ When you hear a man say "Life is but a dream," tread on his corns and wake him up. Life is real.

☞ "Don't rob yourself!" as the farmer said to the lawyer, who called him hard names.

☞ You must elect your work; you shall take what your brains can, and drop all the rest. Only so can that amount of vital force accumulate which can make the step from knowing to doing. No matter how much faculty of idle seeing a man has, the step from knowing to doing is rarely taken. 'Tis a step out of a chalk circle of imbecility into fruitfulness.—*Emerson.*

A Railway Horror.

Dreadful Disaster on the Hudson River Railroad.

At about 10.20 on Monday night, the 6th inst., as an extra night-train of 24 cars, loaded with petroleum, was approaching New-Hamburg Station, which is eight miles below Poughkeepsie, and was clearing the bridge over Wappinger's Creek, coming down the road, an axle of the tenth car from the engine broke, and that car and the 14 following it were thrown from the track, one car bearing two tanks of oil resting partly upon the other, or "up-track." Just at the same moment the Pacific or Chicago express train, which had left New York at 8 o'clock, was approaching at the rate of 30 miles an hour. The engineer heard shouts from the men on the freight-train, discovered a danger signal suddenly displayed, and attempted to stop his train. But it was too late; in the next instant the locomotive had struck the oil-car, an explosion ensued, the bridge gave way under the combined weight of locomotive, oil-car, and other cars that were suddenly tumbled upon it, and there was a terrible plunge into the water. The ice was thick, but the locomotive broke through it instantly, sinking into water 15 feet deep, and dragging with it the tender, the baggage and express-cars, and one sleeping-car. The remaining seven cars of the express-train were not precipitated through the bridge, but two of them, with several cars of the oil-train, were destroyed by fire. The bridge took fire, and in a few minutes the whole structure fell upon the cars which were half immersed, being partly supported by the ice, and buried them out of sight. This dreadful result put an end to all efforts to rescue the passengers whose agonizing shrieks had just filled the air.

The bridge was about 200 feet in length, and the axle of the oil-car appears to have been broken before reaching it, so that the car dragged along for some distance, and was finally left on the bridge and partly, as stated, on the "up-track."

The engineer, J. H. Simons, went down with the engine. The fireman jumped off in time to save his life. In the baggage-cars were Alfred Clow, baggage-master; P. Vosburg, conductor of the sleeping car, and Edward L. Mooney, all of whom, except Clow, perished. The sleeping-car, known as the "Buffalo sleeper," was occupied by eighteen persons (as nearly as can be ascertained from memoranda found on the body of the conductor), all of whom were burned to death or drowned. The passengers who escaped at once devoted themselves to attempts to rescue those who had been precipitated into the river, but the fierce heat of the flames drove them back, and in a few minutes all was over, and they could only assemble in the unburned cars and wait for the daylight.

The following is the list of the lost, so far as ascertained:

George S. Benedict, editor of The Cleveland Herald, 30 years of age; leaves a wife and one child.

A. A. Gillet, of Buffalo, 30 years of age; leaves a wife and two children.

Arthur W. Pease, 28 years of age, and wife, of Buffalo.

Walter Forbush, firm of Sprague, Forbush & Wyatt, of Buffalo, 30 years of age; leaves a wife and three children.

Rev. Merrill Fowler, wife, and three children.

Dr. S. Nanorede, of New York city.

S. A. Root.

George F. Thompson, No. 47 Wall street, New York city.

James Spafford, assistant baggage-master at Thirtieth street Station, 26 years of age.

E. Lawrence Mooney, brakeman, 25 years of age.

Doc. Simons, engineer.

Peter Vosburg, sleeping-car conductor, lived at Buffalo, leaves a wife and one child.

Vosburg, a colored porter.

The following were the names on the diagram found in the pocket of the conductor Vosburg: Lovell, Fowler, Pease, Cary, Forbush, Rosenthall, Nanorede, Germaine.—There were two bodies which yet remain unrecognized, one of which cannot possibly be identified. The friends of the victims continued to arrive at Poughkeepsie, whither the bodies had been conveyed, throughout the afternoon and evening, and were conducted at once to the undertaker's, where the remains were. A large crowd of persons congregated in front of the building, eager to look inside.

Passengers say that the sleeping-car which went down contained 25 or 30 persons. The conductor of the train, Chas. Cossum, stated that there were 65 sleeping-car tickets, and that the owners of 52 of them escaped, indicating that but 13 passengers were missing; 23 bodies, however, have been recovered already.

The daylight revealed a fearful mass of smoking and blackened ruins at the bridge, and people from the neighborhood, from Poughkeepsie, and New York, flocked thither to seek friends, to recover the bodies, and to witness the terrible spectacle. The first body was not recovered until 9 o'clock, A. M. A baggage-car near the bridge was used as a temporary morgue, in which the bodies were placed as they were drawn out of the water.

The dead forms were brought up rapidly, and, as each was seen, exclamations of horror were heard on every side. They were mutilated in many ways, and the sight was a sickening one. Simons, the engineer, was found on his engine below the river surface, with both legs burned off and his head smashed in. One woman was brought to the surface with a babe in each of her arms.

The scene at the time the accident occurred is described as awful in the extreme. The burning oil from the overturned oil-car ran in fiery streams down the timbers of the bridge upon the ice in the river, where it flooded the glassy surface for a long way, looking like a sea of fire. Near the burning bridge stood the two sleeping-coaches, all one sheet of flame, roaring and crackling.

Men stood appalled at the sight. A few, more heroic than the rest, made repeated dashes at the doors and windows of the first car, in hopes to save even one life, but the flames drove them back before they could get within ten feet of the car. Suddenly the bridge fell with a crash, the cars with it, and then a column of flame, sparks and smoke shot high in air. Darkness followed, the smouldering ruins only showing the spot where so many had met with their deaths. Rescue was then impossible. All who were in the car when the bridge fell were either burned to death or buried far down under broken baggage and express cars.

Many sad and weird the stories related by those who had escaped. One gentleman said that he had started for the West with his wife, and all of his property, consisting of $10,000, intending to settle there. Wishing to speak with a friend in a rear car, he left his wife for a moment, but before he could return the collision came and he did not see her again till her mangled and disfigured body was taken from the ruins. A lady said she was on her way to Buffalo with two sisters, and, wishing to make some arrangements with friends in the rear car, went back, and had barely escaped from the car when the explosion took place.

At noon the next day the bodies recovered up to that hour were sent to Poughkeepsie. When the baggage-car which contained the dead bodies arrived, hundreds of people thronged the depot to catch a glimpse of the horrible sight. The portable morgue was switched to a side track, and the remains were placed in rude boxes, and put upon sleighs and conveyed to the undertakers for decent laying out.

The Senate of New York has directed an investigation of the condition of the bridge at New Hamburg, where the disaster occurred.

☞ Philadelphia, when the present unfinished buildings are completed will contain more first-class school houses than any city in the country.

☞ A wise man advertises extensively because he believes that many columns furnish a good support.

☞ Sentimental Youth.—"My dear Maria, will you share my lot for life?" Practical Girl.—"How many acres in your lot, sir?"

☞ A thing necessary to keep our rivers stocked with fish is to keep them free from filth and petroleum. Receptacles should be made at petroleum-shipping points to prevent the refuse from running into the river; while the fish from the sewers could be secured for enriching impoverished farms.

☞ Mr. John Grummet, an old California bear-hunter, had good luck recently. While hunting near the north fork of the Arroya Salado he encountered four grizzly bears, all together, and killed them all before breakfast with his Spencer rifle.

☞ Why is Joseph Gillott a very bad man? Because he wishes to accustom the public to steel pens, and then tries to persuade them that they do write.

☞ After his son's great success with the *Dame aux Camelias*, Alexandre Dumas wrote to him as though from a stranger, congratulating him on the book, and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he, in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of '*Monte Christo*.'" Dumas *fils* was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "*Monte Christo*."

☞ A kitchen dresser—Bridget on a Sunday.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—7000 bbls sold at prices ranging from $5.50@5.75 for superfine; $6@6.25 for extra, $6.50@7 for Penna extra family; $6.50@7.75 for Northwest family; $6.75@7.75 for Ohio and Indiana family and $8@9 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sold at $6 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—11,000 bus sold at $1.55@1.60 for Indiana red; 1.55@1.58 for Ohio red; $1.45@1.50 for Penna red; $1.60@1.62½ for Western amber, and $1.75@1.85 ₱ bus for white. Rye—Sales of 1700 bus $1.05@1.10 Corn—Sales of 40,000 bus at 78@81c for yellow, and 77@79c for Western mixed. Oats—sales of 1000 bus at 58c, 1900 bus at 59½c, 1000 bus Western white at 61c, and 30,000 bus of Western and Penna at 60c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $22@22,50; clear at $25, and extra prime at $18. Mess Beef at $20@22 ₱ bbl for city packed extra mess. Beef Hams at $30@31 ₱ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 16@17c; Excelsior Hams at 18c; Sides at 12½@13c, and Shoulders at 10½c. Green Meats—Sales of 1000 tcs Pickled Hams at 14@14½c, Sides 12½c; and 300,000 lbs shoulders, in salt, at 8½c. Lard—Sales of 175 bbls and tcs at 12@12½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 14@17c; Pennsylvania store-packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@30c ₱ lb. Eggs sell at 23@25c ₱ doz. Cheese sells at 15@16½c ₱ lb.

COTTON—Sales of 650 bales Middlings at 15½@15½c for Uplands, and 16@16½c for New Orleans.

BARK—15 hhds of No 1 Quercitron sold at $30 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark ranges from $16@22 ₱ cord for chestnut and Spanish oak.

BEESWAX sells at 21@22c ₱ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 5@7½c for Apples and 9@9½c ₱ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $4@5.50 ₱ bbl. Cranberries sell at $10@12 ₱ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₱ 100 lbs, $1.15@1.20; mixed do, $1.05@1.10; Straw, $1.15@1.20.

IRON—Pig Iron—Sales of No. 1 at $31. No. 2 at $28. Bar iron sells at $70@75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—1200 bushels sold at 10½@11½c ₱ lb. Timothy—Sales at $5@5.25. Flaxseed at $2@2.10.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from 5@9 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—15 000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₱ lb. 4500 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to $11,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Interesting to Ladies.

"Having tried some seven or eight different sewing machines, and not being very well pleased with any of them, I at last tried the Grover & Baker machine, and finding it adapted to all kinds of family sewing, and equally as much so for vest making, it giving entire satisfaction for all such work, I can, and do give it the praise above all other sewing machines."

Mrs. S. E. SPARKS,
Camden, N. J.

Remittent Fevers. The Way to Escape Them.

A dose of PLANTATION BITTERS, taken night and morning, will enable the system to *repel* the deleterious influence of these fruitful sources of epidemic disease. It is in evidence that in many instances where the greater portion of the population of an entire settlement have been prostrated by bilious remittent fevers, the few who have had sufficient forecast to take the Bitters as a *preventive*, have escaped the scourge. As a remedy after an attack has actually commenced, this celebrated tonic and anti-bilious elixir is invariably efficacious. In such cases, if taken when the fever is off, it will soon control the paroxysms, and when the patient is convalescent, it will restore the appetite and recruit the strength more rapidly than any other stomachic and invigorant in use.

SEA MOSS FARINA from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.*

nov26-3m

Good Soap, Like Good Wine, is Improved by Age.—Among the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii soap was found in a good state of preservation, after having been buried over 1700 years.

A box of soap in a family is better than "*money at interest*," as when from three to six months old, one pound will go further than three pounds of new soap.

Ask your grocer for a box of CRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP, and if he does not keep it, send to or order to CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 54 Front street, New York. Liberal commission to clubs.

oct1-tf

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES.

SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

Unanswerable Arguments.

Established facts are silent arguments which neither pen nor tongue can shake, and it is upon established facts that the reputation of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, as a health-preserving elixir, and a wholesome and powerful remedy, is based. When witnesses come forward in crowds, year after year, and reiterate the same statements in relation to the beneficial effects of a medicine *upon themselves*, disbelief in its efficacy is *literally impossible*. The credentials of this unequalled tonic and alterative, extending over a period of nearly twenty years, include individuals of every class, and residents of every clime, and refer to the most prevalent among the complaints which afflict and harass the human family. Either a multitude of people, strangers to each other, have annually been seized with an insane and motiveless desire to deceive the public, or HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, for no less than a fifth of a century, have afforded such relief to sufferers from indigestion, fever and ague, biliousness, general debility, and nervous disorders, as no other preparation has ever imparted. To-day, *while the eyes of the reader are upon these lines*, tens of thousands of persons, of both sexes, are relying upon the Bitters as a sure defence against the ailments which the present season engenders, and their confidence is not misplaced. The local potions which interested dealers sometimes endeavor to foist upon the sick in its stead are everywhere meeting the fate that is due to fraud and imposture, while the demand for the great vegetable specific is constantly increasing. feb4-4t

CONSUMPTION ☞ CAN BE CURED BY LIEBIG'S LIFE CURE. Sample package and treatise free.
Address, Dr. T. P. BURT, 727 Sixth Avenue, New York. jan21-13t

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN,

use *PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.* It is reliable and harmless. Sold by druggists everywhere. Depot, 49 Bond st., New York. jan7 3m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Pimply Eruptions, Black Heads, Flesh Worms, or Grubs, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use *PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY.* Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 602 Arch St. jan7-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JAMES A. BROOKS to Miss SALLIE KITCHEN, both of this city.

On the 21st of Jan., by the Rev. J. Todd, Mr. DAVID C. CRAYTON to Miss MARY VIRGINIA CORY, both of this city.

On the 24th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. S. OWENS, Mr. P. H. DECKER to Miss MARY A. SOMMERING, both of this city.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOHN F. SUNKINS to Miss EMMA S. HOWITH, all of this city.

On the 1st of Feb., by the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, Mr. JOSEPH WHITEMAN to Miss ESTHER WOOLLARD, all of this city.

On the 1st of Feb., by the Rev. William Burrows, Mr. WILLIAM W. COLLINS to Miss SUSIE BARROWS, both of this city.

On the 2d of Feb., by the Rev. Dr. March, Mr. EDWIN JOHNS, to Miss VIRGINIA WADE, all of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d of Feb., THOMAS GASKINS, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 3d of Feb., JOSEPH LANCASTER, in 70th year of his age.

On the 21st of Jan., FREDERICK J. OTLEY, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 1st of Feb., Mrs. ELLEN BOWER, in the 76th year of her age.

On the 1st of Feb., THOMAS NAYLOR, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 2d of Feb., Mrs. CASSANDRA T. JENKINS, aged 73 y rs.

On the 1st of Feb., WILLIAM TWEEDIE, in the 75th year of his age.

On the 10th of Jan., CLARK V. BAYLIAS, in the 20th year his age.

On the 3d of Feb., Mrs. SARAH NEFF, in the 87th year of her age.

On the 1st of Feb., HENRIETTA P. WOODWARD, in 20th year of her age.

On the 31st of Jan., DEACON C. BLOOD, in the 68th his year of age.

THE COMING YEAR.

We may note especially among our arrangements for the coming year, a new story called

DENE HOLLOW

By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "Bessy Rane," &c.

We may add that it is always the aim of Mrs. Wood, in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers.

We commenced in The Post of Jan. 7th, a

STORY OF ADVENTURE

By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "Last of the Incas," &c.

Aimard writes a stirring story, full of thrilling incidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth escapes, &c., in which both his heroes and his heroines take part.

In addition to these, of course, we shall give a succession of other stories, both original and selected, of the usual excellent quality.

But the desire of The Post is always to combine instruction with amusement, solid intellectual meats and bread and potatoes with its pies, preserves and puddings. We aim also to give, therefore, during the coming year,

INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLES

on a great variety of subjects, original, and selected from all quarters. We should be sorry to have our readers say that they had perused a single number of The Post without being wiser in some respect than they were before.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS.

We are still able to offer all *NEW* subscribers

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

beginning their subscriptions for 1871 with the paper of October 6th, which contains the beginning of Leonie's Mystery, by Frank Lee Benedict. This is

THIRTEEN PAPERS

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

We have a goodly supply of back numbers still on hand.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Terms on the second page of this paper.

Face to Face.

A curious meeting is described by a correspondent as having taken place in a hotel at Brussels. The conversation at the *table de hote*, was monopolized by the French and Germans, who were face to face. The two forces were more or less represented by a German gentleman, grave and solemn, the French by a wiry captain of Chasseurs, sharp, brilliant, and witty. The rank and file were composed of the youth of both nations and sexes. Bismarck was very roughly handled by the French captain.

"Without wishing to give offence to the gentleman opposite" (here he bowed to the German philosopher,) "he must call M. Bismarck a 'pig.'"

"Such a remark," rejoined the other, "could give no offence unless the appropriateness of the name were proved."

The French captain would prove it:

"Only a 'pig' would stamp upon fallen France—only a 'pig' would besiege Paris—only a 'pig' would lead the great German nation by the nose."

The Prussian begged to differ.

"The German nation was not led by the nose."

The French captain begged pardon.

"Bismarck was the master of Germany, the Germans were his slaves."

Here the argument waxed warm, and an Englishman interposed. Both the German and the Frenchman bowed politely to the Englishman, and told him that the prestige of Great Britain had departed forever. The Frenchman added that "John Bull was a pig." Soon the conversation took a more peaceful turn, and some one suggested that fighting was a mistake. To my surprise, the French captain agreed with the sentiment.

"Ah," said the German philosopher, "you have found that out at last, sir?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "and we are going to teach you the same lesson before we put down our books."

The German sneered, and the Frenchman observed:

"You think me a coward because I disapprove of fighting. Well, let me tell you I have, singlehanded and unarmed, made ten Prussians run."

"I do not wish to deny that, sir," said the German, "but that cannot be true."

"Oh, yes it is," replied the Frenchman; "I repeat, ten Prussians attacked me after I had lost my sword at Sedan. I made them run; oh, yes! I made them run—after me!"

This joke produced a roar of laughter, both from the Germans and the French, and duelling became impossible.

☞ Why are some conundrums like their authors? Because they are "fearfully and wonderfully made," and "past finding out."

REMEMBER NOT THE SINS OF MY YOUTH.

Could I recall the years that now are flown,
For evermore:
Revive my early visions—long o'erthrown—
And hope restore:
How blest it were to mould my life anew,
And all my broken vows of youth renew!

Oh were I once again but free to choose
As in past days,
How oft the sun-lit path I would refuse
For sterner ways!
Content to turn aside from every road,
Save that which kept me in the smile of God.

But vain the dream: the strife is o'er with me:
Dark days remain:
I could not trust my heart if I were free
To choose again:
The dazzling morning might again deceive,
Life be mis-spent, and age be left to grieve.

I would not, if I could, recall the years
That now are fled:
Their cares and pleasures, labors, hopes and fears,
For me are dead:
I ask but mercy for the weary past,
And grace to guide me gently home at last.

John Macleod.

Louis Napoleon and Eugenie.

BY DONN PIATT.

It is now some fifteen years since I had the honor of being presented to the Emperor and Empress of the French. Writing at the time to an American friend, I expressed myself as follows:

"You are curious to know, of course, the sort of people I have seen so nearly, and of whom the world has heard so much. This Louis Bonaparte, who calls himself a Napoleon, and, boldly stepping out, proposes to make real the immortal memories of the past, is, to begin with, no Bonaparte at all. We have pretty well fixed in bronze, marble, and prints the physical characteristics of this celebrated family. We are all familiar with the high thick shoulders, the short full neck, and the Cæsarean head that mark the famous Corsicans. Judge of my astonishment, then, when a little fellow in gaudy court dress clanked into the room, with a perceptible limp in his walk, accompanied by the officers of the Imperial household, and paused before us, as widely different from the Bonapartes as it was possible for a man to be. Rather under the medium height, he has narrow drooping shoulders and broad hips. His legs are slender and out of proportion to his long body. I saw a face with a dull puttyish complexion, a bottle nose, and narrow retreating forehead. His mouth is covered with a coarse, thick moustache, while a goatee of like material seeks to hide the weakness that is apparent in a retreating chin. His eyes have all the intensity of expression to be found in a deceased mackerel, and one looks in vain for force of character or intellect.

"He is no Bonaparte, nor is he a great man. You ask, then, how he could have achieved so much. My dear friend, I have learned enough to know that success at best is only *prima facie* evidence of intellect, and we have to investigate further to be satisfied that the actor deserved success. Up to the time when this man was elected President of a Republic that he hastened to betray, he was accounted the most ridiculous fool in Europe. He was deservedly laughed at, and his follies were enacted at a period in his life when if he had possessed any intellect it would have been manifest. Miracles went out with the apostles, and that which seems one in the case of Louis Napoleon disappears when we come to investigate the causes.

"I find in France three governing elements, the Church, the Army, and the Bourgeoisie. These three are unanimous in their opposition to a republic: the first because self-government emancipates faith; the second for that it is necessarily a despotism; and the third because property is timid, and seeks the protection of a strong government. These three elements were not sought by Louis Napoleon; they sought him as their better opportunity; that he accepted, is the fact of his success. It was, I admit, hazardous; but for a worthless life he might have lost, he played for and won an empire. Had Louis Napoleon possessed more sense, he would have been less successful. 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,' and in a majority of instances successfully. The doubts that come of knowledge are oftentimes our foes, and when entertained, but traitors. How beautifully is this illustrated by Shakspeare in Hamlet, but more especially in Macbeth, where the weaker intellect, but the stronger will, drives on the thoughtful doubter.

"This man is a sham and a fool. He does not get up to the dignity of a charlatan, and sooner or later the world will sit in judgment on his blunders. His *coup d'etat*, so generally lauded, is a specimen of his stupidity; he had—possessed as he was of the great power in the governing elements—only to assume quietly but firmly the reins of government, and, appealing to the good sense and moral forces of the people, from a solid, conservative government; but in imitation of the Great Napoleon, he inaugurated assassination that will follow him to the end. There is no greater falsehood abroad than that which says that history repeats itself. Historical essays, written by ingenious authors, are continued repetitions of history run into grooves; but a *coup d'etat* of the Great Napoleon at the end of a bloody revolution was a necessity. In this case it was wanton assassination, and shocked the civilized world. He lost the confidence of the nations, and irritated to wrath his own people. He has entered upon this course, and to be consistent must have a despotism without brain, and people without self-respect, and will end by debauching or destroying the very governing elements on which he rests. I predict that this empire will not last five years."

I now quote the opinions written at that remote period, not only from the laudable ambition of asserting a well-founded "I told you so," but because I believed they contain the real solution of the collapse of a power that now startles us as much as did Louis Napoleon's success.

If I had a disgust that amounted to loathing for the Emperor, it was more than counterbalanced by my admiration for the Empress Eugenie. She was then to me the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. No artist, however gifted, could add one charm to that sweet head and graceful figure. Her face was faultless, and her form so outlined and endowed by loving nature that no one could hesitate to render her the homage due a queen. But when one came to know her well, one realized the old fable of the peacock petitioning for the voice of the nightingale. Our beautiful Queen, our graceful Empress, is not the wisest of women, and her temper is—well, to say the least, somewhat unreliable and quick, not to say at times violent.

I met the late Stephen A. Douglas about the time to which I refer, and found that he too was struck with her great beauty, but not impressed by either her tact or temper.

"She came at me somewhat rudely," said the Senator, "by remarking, when I was presented, that she understood I was at the head of a political organization in the United States, called Young America, that had for an object the conquest of Cuba."

"I believe I have the honor," responded the Senator, "of representing such a party, but never knew before that it was organized for so small an object as the mere acquisition of Cuba."

"You do confess then," she continued, coloring up, "that such is one of its objects?"

"Not at all, your majesty. The party to which I have the honor to belong only seeks to prevent some other and stronger European power from possessing that island, to our great injury."

"Then why do you not join with England and France in a treaty, guaranteeing this island to Spain?"

"We have had a prejudice towards such European complications since the time the government of the United States was invited to join in a treaty intended to destroy your great uncle the First Napoleon."

"Well," she continued warmly, "were I Queen of Spain, I'd devote my last soldier and my last coin to the preservation of that remaining jewel in my crown."

"Were your Majesty Queen of Spain," said Douglas bowing, "it would not require either soldier or money to make us respect all your possessions."

The compliment disarmed the Imperial virago, and subsequently she spoke of the little Senator as one of the most perfect courtiers she had ever encountered.

My friend Colonel Sumner, subsequently famous in our late civil war as Major General Sumner, was not so fortunate. For years after his presentation at the Imperial Court he afforded amusement to a circle of friends acquainted with its details.

Colonel Sumner, a friend and favorite of Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, had been for over a year laboring with his chief at reforms in the little army of the United States. Their gigantic efforts had ended in the invention of a hat for the common soldier that combined in its ugly finish ease and economy. It was light as a feather and ugly as an old stove-pipe. At the end of these labors the Black Warrior, an American merchantman, was fired into upon the high seas by a Spanish man-of-war, and the opportunity came, so long hoped for by the manifest destiny party of Young America, for a quarrel with Spain, that would end it was hoped in the acquisition of Cuba. Despatches were prepared by the Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, demanding immediate explanation and reparation; and at the request of Mr. Davis, Colonel Sumner was made bearer of these despatches to the impatient Pierre Soule, then Minister of the United States at Madrid. Permission was also given Colonel Sumner to visit various parts of Europe, for the purpose of inspecting the army organizations of the several war powers. In this official guise Sumner visited Paris, after delivering the important despatches into the hands of Mr. Soule. I doubt whether the rough Indian fighter—as he was then—had been much prepossessed with queenly government by his experience and observations in Madrid.

When he was presented to the Queen by the polished, cultivated, and able Minister Pierre Soule, the tall military figure of the soldier evidently struck her Majesty. That same day Colonel Sumner received through the Legation an invitation to one of the Queen's entertainments or suppers in the palace gardens.

"It is a great compliment paid you, Colonel Sumner," remarked Soule.

"At what hour precisely am I to go?" asked the military bearer of despatches.

"Go?" cried Soule, "you will not surely go; you must decline on the ground of severe indisposition."

"And why?"

"My dear friend, you do not understand this jealous and treacherous people. Were you to accept this invitation, you would be assassinated either in going or returning, or before you could leave Madrid."

"A queen's wishes are a soldier's commands," responded the gallant Colonel. "When a pretty woman invites me to an entertainment, I will take my chances."

And so the resolute fighter tucked his sword under his arm and left. He appeared next morning at the American Minister's residence in good health and spirits; and Mr. Soule must have strangely misapprehended the Spanish people's jealous and treacherous spirit, for Colonel Sumner came safely to Paris on his return from his great diplomatic mission.

Touching these entertainments in the gardens of the palace at Madrid, Senor Calderon de la Barca, who was so long a resident of Washington city as Spanish Minister, told me in Paris, where he appeared with a cotton umbrella and carpet-sack, an exile driven from the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs and his home by a mob that rose to the dignity of a revolution, because instigated by the Queen, that the government of his gracious sovereign Isabella was about as open and shameless in its dissipation and corruption as if it had belonged to a former age, when royalty had the divine right to be wicked.

On one occasion a great scandal was caused by a report spread over the city, that at one of the little suppers in the gardens a Spanish grandee, who had inherited with his title more adipose than intellect, had been thrown naked into a fish pond by his drunken companions. The Minister of Foreign Affairs thought it his duty to remonstrate with the Queen; so asking an interview, he told his story, and added his moral reflections.

"It is a falsehood," cried the Queen in some excitement; "it is a low, malicious falsehood. He was not naked. I saw it all; he had his shirt on."

Colonel Sumner was anxious to be presented at the Imperial Court; and after the proper application, the honor was accorded him, through our Minister, the Hon. John Y. Mason; also to Colonel D. K. McCrea, then our Consul at Paris. The day selected was Sunday, the one ordinarily given to such ceremonies by the Court. It was a beautiful morning, with a sunlight softened from the glare we suffer by the moist atmosphere through which it shines in Paris. Colonel Sumner had his apartments directly above those we then occupied in the Rue de Rivoli, and for hours after breakfast I could hear his heavy tread, while busied in the important preparations for the grand ceremony. The preparations were so prolonged, that at last I ascended on a tour of inquiry. As I approached, through the half-open door I heard the Colonel addressing Madeleine, our bonne, a very pretty girl by-the-by, who had learned just one English phrase, and that was "Yees, sir."

"Well, my good girl," I heard Sumner ask in his bass voice, "can you speak English?"

"Yees, sir."

"Very good; now, will you have my boots polished?"

"Il est donc drole, ce monsieur la, avec ses bottes," responded Madeleine, soliloquizing.

"Eh! what, can't you speak English?"

"Yees, sir."

"Well, I say, black my boots."

"Il parle francais comme une vache Espagnole," she continued.

I saw that it was another case of "lind me the loan of y'r gridiron," and so went to the rescue of my friend. His appearance somewhat startled me. His uniform, none of the newest, had not been in its best days more picturesque and becoming than American uniforms were. Certain stains upon the coat might be Indian blood, and might be tobacco. But to cap all, on his soldierly head was that hat, the result of Jeff Davis's anxious inquiries as to how best to reform our army. I said nothing, but assisted the Colonel in putting the finishing touches to his toilet, all the while enjoying the anticipated pleasure of witnessing the shock evinced when my rotund and good-natured chief, the Hon. John Y., came to see that hat. At eleven A. M. the Minister's carriage rattled to the door, and the Minister, accompanied by the Hon. D. K. McCrea, ascended to our little drawing-room. So soon as Old-Virginia's specimen of diplomatic adipose could get breath for the purpose, it attacked Sumner:

"I say, Sumner, what's that?"

"That? why, that's our soldier's hat. I'm going to show it to the Emperor."

"You're not going to wear it?"

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I'll be—! I won't go; we'd get put out by the servants. We couldn't get in. Why the devil don't you send it to the Minister of war? He will show it to the Emperor."

Now, Colonel Sumner had two objects in view in soliciting this presentation, as he subsequently confided to me in a very injured tone. He wished to exhibit this hat to the Emperor, and himself to the Empress. But the Minister was master of the situation. His wishes could not be ignored.

"Confound it," said the Colonel in a sulky, tone. "I've got no other."

"Well, buy one," said Judge Mason; and Madeleine was despatched for that purpose to the street—and soon returned with an elegant French chapeau with the French colors. Sumner swore that he would not sail under false colors.

"Well, then, pluck the feathers out," growled the Minister, "and let's go—for time's up."

"Now," said the Minister, while rolling along towards the palace, "Sumner, when you are presented to the Empress, be careful to say nothing to her about Cuba. She's an ill-tempered woman, and won't stand much, I can tell you."

Sumner was busy pulling out the obnoxious feathers, and did not seem to hear the admonition. Judge Mason, repeated it, and received no response. Wishing to impress the important advice upon his friend's mind, he repeated it again, when Sumner angrily exclaimed:

"Do you think I am a fool, Judge Mason? I know what to talk about."

As subsequent events proved, he had not heard a word his friend had uttered.

When Judge Mason reached the magnificent reception-hall of the palace, he found, to his alarm and disgust, that he had thrust a huge piece of tobacco in his mouth, that had to be got rid of before the Emperor appeared. He looked anxiously about him. The polished floors were like marble, no conveniences could be found, the windows were inaccessible, the fireplaces gorgeous shams. At last, and just in time, the troublesome contents were deposited in a rich antique vase that graced a niche in the wall. We used to laugh, at the Legation, over the surprise that must arise upon the servants while engaged in cleaning that vase, when they would come upon this strange compound, wondering what it could be, and ending, perhaps, in sending the curiosity to the Academy of Sciences for analysis. That this learned body would eventually pronounce it masticated tobacco, we were satisfied; but whether a learned and ingenious essay would not follow, as to whether the ancient Greeks knew of and used the weed, made up the question.

The interview with the Emperor was pleasant and satisfactory. His Imperial insignificance was evidently struck with the soldierly figure and bearing of our Colonel, and the talk about Indians and Indian fighting was long and interesting. When it terminated, Judge Mason and his friends were conducted to the reception apartments of the Empress. She stood surrounded by the ladies and officers of her household, in the subdued light of the painted windows, beautiful as a royal poet's dream. She was then in the noonday glory of her lovely womanhood. Her sweet face, with features regular to a fault, was framed in by hair delicate and bright as the silk upon the corn, with a golden chestnut tinge impossible to describe. Her lovely head sat on her white rounded neck with the ease of a bird on a swaying limb, while her graceful figure carried its drapery as if every fold of the costly fabric were a part of her queenly self, and had been woven into grace by fairy fingers.

Judge Mason presented his two compatriots, and Colonel McCrea, an accomplished, self-possessed gentleman, took up the conversation, and for some time it flowed on gracefully and well. At last, Colonel Sumner thought it time to say something, and he said it.

"I have just returned from a visit to your native land, your Majesty. I found it very beautiful, but regret that I had not time to visit its famous battle-fields."

"Ah, Colonel Sumner," she responded, graciously, "and why were you so hurried?"

"I was bearer of despatches, your Majesty, in the Black Warrior outrage," he replied.

Here was trouble, here was diplomatic complication. Judge Mason broke into a profuse perspiration, known to us at the bureau as a "diplomatic sweat," and the color came to the face of the Empress like a storm-cloud, and her dove-like eyes seemed to change entirely, so alive were they with indignant flashes.

"You call that an outrage, do you, gentlemen—an outrage—that infamous vessel, built to carry Lopez and his piratical followers?"

"I beg your pardon, your Majesty," broke in, desperately, Judge Mason; "the Black Warrior was built after Lopez was executed."

"I don't care! I don't care! It was built for an infamous purpose, and ought to have been sunk."

And on, and on she continued. Judge Mason was sorely distressed; Colonel McCrea looked as if amused; but Sumner grew indignant as her Majesty got wild, and when she said:

"You want war, gentlemen—you want war, so as to seize upon Cuba; and you think we cannot prevent it, with this Crimean war on our hands; but we have plenty of arms, plenty of soldiers—and if the worst comes to the worst, we'll turn the negroes upon you."

"I beg your pardon, your Majesty," thundered Sumner, "in protecting our rights and defending our flag, we care nothing for your arms, soldiers, nor the niggers."

His tone of voice, together with a disturbed movement on the part of the officers of the household, seemed to recall the Empress to herself.

"I cannot talk upon this subject, gentlemen," she said, in a more subdued manner. "I must wish you a good-morning. Good-morning, gentlemen."

"Good Lord, Sumner!" exclaimed Judge Mason, while climbing, exhausted, into his carriage, "did I not warn you to say nothing about Cuba!"

"See here, Judge Mason," replied the wicked wrong-doer, "when a woman forgets her position, I'm not bound to remember it. Talk to me about scaring us with niggers. I'd half a mind to box her imperial ears."

Two of the actors in this little drama are dead—the third is in exile, stripped of her imperial robes, while the empire itself has disappeared like the baseless fabric of a vision; but Cuba, then considered so frail a possession, yet clings to the old Spanish government.—*The Galaxy.*

Winter on Mount Washington.

Many of our readers, we are quite sure, must take a sympathetic as well as a scientific interest in the little party who are spending the winter upon Mount Washington. We shiver and wrap ourselves in furs while the thermometer is not down to zero—we beg pardon of our friends in New England, and elsewhere, where the mercury has been coaxed to twenty below; we refer to those in milder latitudes—but the Tip-Top House thermometer has run down to forty below zero, with a pleasant accompaniment of biting winds. Yet Professor Huntington and his companions seem not to have been frightened or frozen, but keep up good spirits, and a good look-out for all changes of wind and weather. The Professor sends to us dwellers in those lower regions an entertaining account of the "frost-work" on Mount Washington. From his observations it appears that this wonderfully beautiful work of nature's icy finger is formed only when the wind is northward. It begins with mere points, on everything the wind reaches; on the rocks, on the snow, on the railway, and on every part of the building, even on the glass. On the south side it is very slight, as the wind reaches there only in eddying gusts. When the surface is rough the points, as they begin, are an inch or more apart; when smooth it almost entirely covers the surface at the very beginning, but soon only a few points elongate. So, on whatever surface it begins to form, it has very soon the same general appearance, presenting everywhere the same beautiful feathery-like forms. A round stick an inch in diameter having been placed in a vertical position, horizontal icicles two feet in length were formed upon it within two days. On some of the piles of stones south of the house these horizontal masses are now more than five feet in length. On the southern exposures, instead of the "frost-work," there are only masses of pure ice, which have always a peculiar hue of greenish-blue. The house itself has long been wrapped in a coat of frost, which was reported some time ago to be three feet thick! We suppose it has gone on increasing in thickness, and fancy the living in such an ice-house must have its romantic features. Notwithstanding all the attractions reported by Professor Huntington, we do not believe there will be any great rush to the White Mountains just now; the majority of tourists will prefer to wait until July.

Hot Jugs.

We regret that we did not sound the praises of hot jugs earlier in the season, for some of the feebler folk in Our Home have already got two months' comfort out of them. Take a two-quart brown earthen jug, on going to bed at night fill it with hot water and put it in a flannel bag made for the purpose, the stopple end going in first. Then draw the bags with strings run into its hem at the top and tie close at the bottom of the jug. The bag will help keep the stopple in place, will retain heat in the water longer and is pleasanter to the touch than hot earthen.

Rubber stopples are now made, which have many advantages over cork stopples. Now put the jug in the foot of the bed at the farthest corner, to be used when wanted.

Persons who are aged or sickly, or who from any reason are low in animal heat, find immense comfort in having this warm bedfellow to bring to the feet or hands or back bone or knees, as desired.

A hot jug is good not only where there is lack of vital warmth but when there is lack of fuel and clothing. Poor people, who find it difficult to keep all the family warm during the cold winter nights might find it easier to get a few quarts of hot water at bed-time, than to obtain additional blankets or comfortables.

Persons not accustomed to be habitually in the open air but have occasion to take long rides on cold days may help themselves very much by carrying jugs of hot water, which should be at the boiling point at the time of starting, and may be used alternately for the feet and hands. Try it.—*Lease of Life.*

☞ Emerson startles the world with the remark that "Astronomers eclipse planets!" The Chicago Post says:—"This seems a little obscure at first, but it is obviously true—because they discover them!"

☞ "I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the rope was put around his neck.

THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S-EASE.

BY BRET HARTE.

By scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,
By furrowed glade and dell,
To feverish man thy calm sweet face uplifting,
Thou stayest there to tell

The delicate thought that cannot find expression,
For ruder speech too fair,
That, like thy petals, trembles in possession,
And scatters in the air.

The miner pauses in his rugged labor,
And leaning on his spade,
Laughingly calls unto his comrade-neighbor,
To see thy charms displayed.

But in his eyes a mist unwonted rises,
And, for a moment clear,
Some sweet home face his foolish thought surprises,
And passes in a tear:

Some boyish vision of his Eastern village,
Of unsuccessful toil,
Where golden harvest followed quiet tillage
Above a peaceful soil.

One moment only, for the pick, uplifting,
Through root and fibre cleaves,
And on the muddy current slowly drifting
Are swept thy bruised leaves.

And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,
Thy work thou dost fulfill,
For on the turbid current of his passion
Thy face is shining still.

Miss Tamarind's Christmas Day.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

It was a beautiful little white house, with lilies and roses outside it, and a green lawn sloping to the small iron gate. That is, lilies and roses in the proper season for them; now, December weather, they were replaced by laurels and other evergreens. Miss Tamarind owned the house, and lived in it with her one servant; she had not a farthing less of income than a hundred and fifty pounds a year; and of course was somebody to be looked up to amidst her neighbors.

Miss Tamarind was a sociable, pleasant lady, who liked to appear to the best advantage. Her private wonder was, that nobody had ever asked her to be married. It perhaps may be said that she held some inward anxiety upon the point; which was mingled, however, with a little hope—but she'd not have spoken of it for the world. At a recent convivial dinner, given by her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge; who were, comparatively, fresh comers to the place; she had owned to thirty-one years. And that is a serious age, you know, for a single lady. It must be confessed that Miss Tamarind had rather an older air. Ill-natured Mrs. Jones, who was also dining there, whispered to the gentleman at her elbow that Jemima Tamarind looked forty if she looked a day. Miss Tamarind dressed in a young style. Her brown hair, glossy and abundant, was worn in a shower of ringlets; her blue eyes were bright. It was only the features, thin and lined, that had a look of age.

Brisk as a bee was Miss Tamarind on this Christmas Eve. It was an important epoch with her; for on the morrow she would put off the mourning that she had worn very nearly two years for her mother—from whom the house and property had descended to her. It had cost Miss Tamarind much debating thought as to what her new costume should be. The matter had been decided with care; all was now complete; and the various articles were laid out on the spare bed in readiness for the morrow's festival.

Miss Tamarind had been giving an eye to the domestic preparations—for she was not above it—had made the mince-pies, and seen the pudding put on to boil. Her Christmas dinner would be rather solitary, as she knew. Two years ago her mother was yet living; last year she had dined out with some old friends; but this year she was invited nowhere. She supposed she must sit down in solitary state: it would not do, she was afraid, to invite one whom she would have liked to invite. People were so given to talk: and in fact, she would not herself have appeared forward or unmaidenly for the world. Perhaps no harm might be thought if she asked him to come in for a cup of tea.

The day's work was nearly over; it was growing dusk; and Miss Tamarind was dressing her parlors with holly and ivy, assisted by her maid, Bridget—a clean, steady, good sort of servant, though she did not come from the Sister Isle.

"Is there any to go behind this here picture, Miss Jemima?" demanded Bridget, looking at a framed portrait, opposite the fireplace.

Miss Jemima hesitated in doubt. It was her mother's portrait: ought the likeness of the regretted dead to be framed round with gala leaves? But yes. That mother, she hoped, was in great happiness, singing the songs of the redeemed that Christ the Saviour came down to rescue.

"I'll do it myself, Bridget. It shall have a beautiful little border all round the frame."

"There warn't none round him last year," remarked Bridget.

No. The loss seemed to have been so recent then.

"And where'll I put the mistletoe? A fine bunch it be, Miss Jemima."

Miss Jemima's blushes came red and hot at the question. Fortunately the evening had grown darker.

"I—don't think—I can have any mistletoe in here, Bridget," said the sensitive lady. "Keep it for your kitchen."

"Law, missus, just a little spray on't for luck. There: I'll put him to hang out from the top o' the glass over the chimbley. Nobody won't see him there."

Miss Tamarind yielded carelessly: it was the dining-room, not the drawing-room, few visitors came into it, and her handmaiden might be right—that it would never get seen. It was many a year now since Miss Tamarind had received a kiss under the mistletoe; since any swain had attempted to offer one. She heaved a silent sigh as the thought came home to her.

"That's about all now, Miss Jemima. The room looks rare and joval.

Bridget meant jovial. Miss Tamarind assented; and swept the odd leaves into the girl's apron.

"I should like my tea at once, Bridget. It must be nearly five o'clock."

Bridget brought it in presently, with the candles and a toasted muffin. Miss Tamarind then put on her cloak and bonnet; for she had promised to go and help in the decorating of the church.

The little old-fashioned church that might have been built by its architect as a curiosity, this of St. John's. Miss Tamarind found a host of ladies at work, nearly buried in evergreens. The old rector had looked in to see: his curate, the Reverend Sandy Macfuseras, was doing his best to help the ladies.

A tall, meek, mild-eyed gentleman, this curate—who had gone bald at the top of his head, and had a fringe of gray hair round it. He was immensely popular in the district, chiefly because he was unmarried. So many single ladies, old and young—not to speak of the widows—had never attended St. John's Church as since he came to it, a year ago. The previous curate had a wife and seven children; and the ladies had then mostly gone to another church, saying, this was draughty. Mr. Macfuseras was turned fourty-four, and readily owned it. There was no chance of his marrying: his stipend was too small; and he readily owned that. But perhaps he was not believed. He shook hands with Miss Tamarind: who threw her cloak off, and began to join in the wreathing with a will. It was this gentleman that Miss Tamarind would have liked to ask to share her dinner on the morrow, but dared not.

Suppressed tittering arose on the other side the mound of green. A piece of mistletoe, as big as a spray of parsley, had disclosed its sacrilegious presence amidst the holly.

"Oh, Mr. Macfuseras—such a mistake!" cried the gushing voice of Miss Juno—a young lady with a magnificent top-knot of hair. "Do look! We can't put it in, can we?"

The mistletoe was pushed forward, and Mr. Macfuseras coughed behind his hand, in some confusion. He was guileless as a child; and supposed the ladies ran about after him for the good of the parish.

"What is it?" asked Miss Tamarind, peering forward, but quite unable to see. She was naturally very near-sighted; and seemed to see less well year by year—but she didn't say so.

"What is it?—why mistletoe: so vulgar, you know!" giggled the young lady. And Miss Jemima Tamarind, between the remembrance of what Bridget had done at home, and the presence of Mr. Macfuseras beside her, felt her face turn as scarlet as the holly berries.

"You can drop it on the floor, to be cleared away with the rubbish," mildly suggested the reverend gentleman, as he worked away with his pen-knife, cutting off sprays.

By ten o'clock the work was completed, the decorations were up in the curious old church. One small gallery came perching out from the wall over the entrance and facing the chancel. This being the most conspicuous part in the edifice—outshining in that respect even the pulpit—it received a large share of the ornamentation.

The crowd of ladies turned towards the town; they all happened to live that way. Miss Tamarind had to go in the direction of the outskirts. As she was alone, Mr. Macfuseras offered to attend her—he could not well do less. The rest watched them off: she on the pavement, he beyond the gutter in the native retirement of his manners.

"Horrid sly cat, that old Tamarind is!" observed Miss Juno. "I'm sure we could have done quite well without her help."

It was a beautiful night, the stars glittering like diamonds in the frosty sky. Arrived at Miss Tamarind's gate, the clergyman shook hands, and she thanked him for his politeness in walking with her. They were in the habit of meeting sometimes at the Lethridges, to whom he was distantly related, and therefore were on friendly terms.

"You dine out to-morrow, of course?" said Miss Tamarind. "But—I was thinking—if you would honor my poor little tea-table afterwards, with your presence, Mr. Macfuseras—that is, should you not be better engaged—" she stopped in confusion.

"Thank you, I'll come with pleasure if I can get away."

Miss Tamarind eat her supper, and sat before the fire musing, when Bridget had taken the tray away. Her home seemed very lonely! all by herself at this festal time, when other families met to make merry! She could not help picturing how happy it might be if somebody came to join her—say St. John's curate, for instance. The poor lady had grown to like him rather more than was good for her peace. There was not a man in the wide world she esteemed and reverenced so much as he. She became lost in an imaginary vista of the future, so improbable, and yet so charming, that when Bridget brought in the bed-candle, she started up as if the house had been on fire.

Miss Tamarind had an enchanting dream that night. She thought she was in a bower, or arbor, made of natural flowers of many colors, all bright and beautiful to look upon. As she sat there dressed as a princess, a soft white light arose, softer yet brighter than any yet seen on earth; many people were bowing before her in homage, and amidst them, more distinct than any, she saw Mr. Macfuseras. Never had she experienced so delightful a sensation; her whole heart seemed to desire nothing further: it was the acme of bliss.

"My goodness, what a sweet dream!" thought Miss Tamarind when she awoke. "What a pity it is that dreams never come true!"

On the breakfast-table lay a parcel and a letter, that the post had brought from London. The parcel contained a beautiful prayer book of dark blue morocco with double clasps of silver; the letter a hope that she would accept the book and all good wishes with it.

"How kind it is of them to remember me!" thought Miss Tamarind, the grateful tears gathering in her eyes. "I am glad they have chosen a big one with large print! My old book was getting very shabby."

Who so proud, that Christmas Day, as Miss Tamarind, when she turned out of her house in all the glory of her new attire! An emerald green satin gown that glistened in the sun, a jacket garnished with white fur; and a resplendent white bonnet that had a top-knot of carnations, and drooping tassels of gold. Bridget caught up her breath when she came forward to open the street-door, and backed against the wall instead of doing it.

"My stars and smithereens, Miss Jemima! Faix, and the sun to-day never'll be half as lovely as you."

"Now, Bridget, you are sure you can manage the stuffing for the turkey?" questioned Miss Jemima, making believe not to care for the adulation, though it was in truth as the veriest incense to her heart. "You can do it well, you know, if you will."

"Trust me, missis—and ain't it for the gala dinner o' this blessed day!" was the girl's answer. "Oh, but that gownd's just a rainbow, ma'am!"

What with guarding the gown from contact with the streets, and what with the new prayer-book and a white muff, Miss Tamarind had her hands full as she sailed down the road. Opposite Mr. Lethridge's house, she saw Master Richard, a gentleman of ten, mounted on the spikes of the iron gates.

"Why, Dick, you should not be doing that on Christmas Day," reproved Miss Tamarind. "Are your papa and mamma gone to church yet?"

"Pa and ma's not going," responded Dick, jumping down. "Pa's ill."

Miss Tamarind was early, and thought she would go in and see what was the matter. Dick marshalled her into the drawing-room, while he called his mother. She sat down by the round table, putting her prayer-book upon it.

It was only a bilious attack, Mrs. Lethridge said; she hoped her husband would be up for dinner. One of the little ones was also not well, and she meant to remain at home herself.

"See what a beautiful present I have had," said Miss Tamarind, showing the prayer-book. "Dick, my dear, I wish you'd not jump on and off the back of my chair."

"Dick's worse than ever," cried Mrs. Lethridge, after she had returned the book to the table. "He's the most troublesome boy ever born. I dare not let him go to church without me."

Miss Tamarind, in her good nature, had a great mind to offer to take Dick herself. But she dared not. He would be pitching the hymn-books on the people's heads below—or something else as dreadful.

"Where do you dine to-day, Jemima?" asked Mrs. Lethridge.

"At home."

"At home!—alone! Dear me, you had better come to us. We shall be by ourselves, except for the curate—*he's* coming. Come in as soon as you like in the afternoon, my dear, and stay to dinner."

Miss Tamarind's heart and cheeks alike glowed, as she accepted the invitation. So she should eat her Christmas fare with the Reverend Sandy, after all. She rose to go.

"What a lovely color that dress is—and how well the skirt hangs!" cried Mrs. Lethridge. "Turn round, Jemima."

Nothing loth, Miss Tamarind submitted to be turned about and admired. Then, catching up her prayer-book, and pushing it into her muff, she ran home to tell Bridget not to cook the turkey. Altogether, what with one delay and another, the bells had ceased ringing when Miss Tamarind reached St. John's Church.

At any other time she would have been vexed: she did not much mind it now. Her head was full of the impression she was going to make. Miss Tamarind shared the front seat of the odd little gallery with the Lethridge family, and she had it all to herself that day. Perched aloft in that projecting and most conspicuous pew, it would almost seem at times to Miss Tamarind that she was nearly nose to knees with the parson in front of her—whether it might happen to be the rector or the curate. The pulpit, reading-desk, and clerk's seat, were all in one, a kind of upright light-house, the preacher's place at the top, the reader's in the middle, the clerk's at foot. It stood right in the centre before the little chancel.

The Reverend Sandy Macfuseras had begun the prayers when she glided into her pew, her green gown rustling, the gold tassels in her head-gear fluttering. She caught a glimpse of his clean starched surplice and his bald head with its fringe of gray hair, as she knelt down. The congregation were just kneeling down then, and so she remained on her knees, keeping quite quiet. She wished she had not been late: the green gown and the rest of the attire made her very conscious; the sun was shining in with a dazzling light. In spite of herself and her wish to be reverent, her thoughts went roaming away—as do those of the very best of us. The dream came into her mind—came with a rush of perplexity. Why! did not this—*this*—almost seem like its realization? What, but a bower, could this little front pew be compared to, with the graceful wreaths of evergreens looped round its front, and the holly and ivy entwined about its corner pillars? Was not she—she and her finery—receiving the homage of the congregation beneath? Certainly several of them were gazing aloft. Glancing up for a brief moment, Miss Tamarind's eye caught that of the Reverend Mr. Macfuseras.

It was time to stand up again. Miss Tamarind rose with the rest. Indubitably, the whole church looked up now, for aught so startlingly fine had not been seen in the gallery for many a Sunday. As the curate began "Glory be to the Father," Miss Tamarind slowly took her prayer-book out of her muff.

At her full height stood she, in all the pride of her conspicuous position. She felt that she must be looking very beautiful—as a bright picture amidst the setting of holly branches. It might have been called the one culminating point of Miss Tamarind's public life: no Lord Mayor, riding up Cheapside to Westminster, his mace and sword-bearer stuck on either side him to the admiration of the populace, was ever more puffed-out with vain-glory than she. Generally speaking, Miss Tamarind did her best to confine her mind to divine service, and to take profit from it. To-day was altogether an exception. Even the little charity boys, over whom the schoolmaster kept storn ward with a long, white wand, had all their heads turned on her. The Reverend Sandy Macfuseras took another glance out of his meek eyes towards the gallery. No wonder Miss Tamarind's fingers, encased in delicate gray gloves, bungled somewhat over the clasp of the prayer-book. It would not come undone. A desperate pull gave she, just as the congregation began their response "As it was in the beginning." Miss Tamarind—

What on earth was it? The prayer-book had suddenly burst into a crash of music, and Miss Tamarind dropped it on the crimson cushion before her; the congregation stopped short in their response; the Reverend Mr. Macfuseras opened his mouth in consternation. "The Blue-Bells of Scotland" was the air, regaling scandalized ears in the sacred edifice.

It was too true. There lay the prayer-book—or what Miss Tamarind had taken for her prayer-book—grinding away louder than any street-organ. The unhappy lady, standing like a statue struck into stone, bent her near-sighted eye on the thing she did not dare to touch with her fingers. By slow degrees the solution of the mystery dawned upon her. This was not a prayer-book at all, but a musical-box; and she had set it going by pulling what she had thought was the clasp. She must have taken it up by mistake from Mrs. Lethridge's table.

"Ching, ching, ching; ding, ding, ding," went the thing, very loud and clear, every note distinct; the congregation might have followed on, in their minds, with the words. One excited lad did—rather too loud—as the second verse was plunged into. "In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?' And down came the white wand on his head in a succession of raps.

Poor Miss Tamarind was in a cold perspiration. Her face had turned deadly white. Could she have sunk beneath the floor forever through some friendly trap-door, after the manner of the London pantomimes, it had been a blessed boon. She'd have given the whole of her next years's income, for an air-balloon to come and bear her aloft by the roof.

No such luck. She stood in her agony, and the sacrilegious music went on. The service was at a standstill; the congregation had their faces turned upwards. Suddenly, a happy idea seized Miss Tamarind: that, as she had set it going by pulling at the silver knob, or small button, so she might stop it by pushing it back again.

But which knob was it? At a desperate hazard, she pushed one of them. The tune died away. But only for a moment. With a loud click, it broke out again, ten times more dreadful than before.

For "The Blue-Bells of Scotland" is a decent air, make the worst of it. *This* was a fast, zig-zag, disreputable jig, that Miss Tamarind had danced to scores of times in her young days: one known by a most disreputable name, "The Devil among the Tailors." In the modesty of her blooming youth, Miss Jemima had used to abbreviate the obnoxious name to "D." among the Tailors.

The D. was racing along at railroad speed. Mr. Macfuseras groaned audibly; the boys grinned; the congregation frowned; the old rector at the communion table made a movement with his hand, as much as to order the wicked interruption to stop. But who could stop those miserable sounds, once they were set going? Miss Tamarind verily believed the D. had left the tailors and got into the box.

Poor Miss Tamarind! Cold water ran down her back; her cheeks and lips grew whiter. A question passed through her mind—which was the worst: to turn tail and make her escape by the stairs; or to stand it out? But she could never go, and leave the box behind: and to carry the music with her was quite beyond her philosophy. The white stick kept falling upon the boys' heads without any cessation; the sunshine glittered; the up-turned faces began to look like a sea of flame. A gentleman, learned in musical-boxes, came out of his pew near the pulpit and stalked down the aisle, halting in front of the balcony and Miss Tamarind.

"Press the middle button, ma'am. May-be that'll do it."

The audible whisper came distinctly up to her. She did as she was bid: pressing the "button" with the full force of her trembling fingers. But no. The tune only changed. The D. subsided into "Drops of Brandy." Drops of Brandy!

On, it sped. There seemed nothing for it but to let the horrible instrument play itself out. Most unquestionably if the D. had not got into it, something else had. Miss Tamarind prayed to lose consciousness in a fainting fit. But she did not.

The feet of all the boys where shuffling—in spite of the hard blows of the admonishing white stick. They thought they were at a dance. Miss Juno turned up her little nose with a condemning sneer. The Reverend Sandy Macfuseras hid his face in his surplice. The light-minded amid the congregation, almost began to nod their heads to the air. Had it only been a suitable air, the clergy might not have felt it so cruelly; such, for instance, as the Old Hundredth Psalm. But—Drops of Brandy! No: there was nothing for it but to let it have its fling.

Miss Tamarind was wiping her cold damp face for the fiftieth time, when the box died away into silence. The service proceeded then: not perhaps with quite the solemnity that it ought to have done, owing to the best part of the congregation turning their eyes upwards perpetually, in the expectation that the box might break out again. How Miss Tamarind sat it out, she does not know unto this day.

She had intended to remain for the second service. How could she now? How attain to the necessary calm of mind for it? She humbly took her departure after the sermon; the dreadful box hidden under her jacket. Home she crept, the back way, humiliated to despair. Her green gown had lost its lustre; she could have flung the bonnet into the first pool. In truth, the blow had been very bitter; the future comfort of her life seemed not to be worth a day's purchase.

"Go down to Mrs. Lethridge's, Bridget," she said. "Tell her I shall not be able to dine with them to-day, for I've got a headache come on. Give her this box; and ask for my prayer-book."

"Is it the turkey then that I'll be cooking, after all?" questioned Bridget.

"Oh, cook anything: do what you like," replied her unhappy mistress.

Was it a judgment upon her, she kept asking herself, as she sat over her lonely fire in the growing dusk of the afternoon, the grass green silk put off, and her old black one on. How dared she go to church on Christmas morning, rapt in the thoughts of her finery, and in nothing else? Never again as long as she lived could she be guilty of it; for the check would serve her for life.

It had been lonely for her lately: and her tears dropped hot and thick, as the fact suggested itself that the future would be far

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The dark horrors of war are relieved by occasional gleams of humanity, which make one feel all the more saddened by the records of strife between men who ought to be as brothers. During the investment of Metz it was common for the German sentries at the outposts to leave a portion of their rations for the famished sentries of the besieged army. A day's rations were also willingly given up on the capitulation. One of the war correspondents of the London press describes the following scene:—

"This afternoon I witnessed a very touching scene. A French soldier of the 33d Line Regiment, belonging to the Corps of General Frossard, had been made prisoner at the outposts. He is a native of Jouy-aux-Arches, where his wife and children now reside. *En passant* on his way to Corny, where the head-quarters of the Prince are now situated, he asked permission to be allowed to see his wife and children. Need I say that the request was immediately granted? The poor woman, half delirious with joy, asked to be allowed to accompany her husband at least to Corny. This was also acceded to; but then came the difficulty about the bairns. The woman was weak and could not carry her baby, and at home there was no one to mind it; as for the little chap of five—he could toddle along by his father's side. The difficulty was, however, overcome by a big Pomeranian soldier, who volunteered to act as nurse. This man had been quartered close to the poor woman's house; and the little ones knew him, for he had often played with them. When, therefore, bidding the poor wife be of good cheer, he held out his big strong arms to the little infant, it came to him immediately, and, nestling its tiny head upon his shoulders, seemed perfectly content. So did the Prussian soldier carry the Frenchman's child. When I first saw the group, the wife was clasped in her husband's embrace, the little boy clung to his father's hand, whilst the Prussian soldier with the baby in his arms stalked along by their sides. Then the Frenchwoman told her husband how, when she had been ill and in want of food, the Prussian soldiers had shared their rations with her, had fetched wood and water, had lit the fire, and helped her in their own rough, kindly way; until at last those two men, who belonged to countries now arrayed against each other in bitterest hate—who perhaps a few days since fought the one against the other—embraced like brothers; whilst I, like a great big fool, stood by and cried like a baby. But I was not alone in my folly, if folly it be: several Prussian officers and soldiers followed my example—for we all had wives and children in far-off homes."

more so. After this awful exhibition that she had caused in the church, neither of its ministers would notice her again: the Reverend Sandy Macfuseras would not be likely to so much as take off his hat to her from the opposite side of the street. And she knew she could have made him so happy! If that faintly-cherished hope of hers had ever come to anything, she would have worn out her life for his comfort. Well—it was over. She must put up with her trial: and she hoped God would forgive her in time, and bless her with a grain of peace.

She could not eat any dinner. The turkey was cooked to a turn, but every mouthful seemed to choke her. Bridget resentfully demanded whether the stuffing was not right, or what else was the matter with it.

"My head aches so badly," was her excusing answer—and she dared not lift her eyes lest their redness should be seen. "You shall take a nice bit of it to that poor bed-ridden woman close by, Bridget; and a mince-pie."

So the dinner, wanting an eater, was soon cleared away, and Miss Tamarind sat at the fire again. That her beautiful dream should have had this ending! Her mother's picture smiled down upon her: and she felt in her heart to wish that she too was in heaven. It might not be so very long to wait: her last birthday had told forty-two years. Alone with herself and her sorrow, she could own to the fact.

"The Riverence Sandwich Macfisterus," announced Bridget, flinging open the door.

Choking back the tears, hiding her swollen eyes as she best could, Miss Tamarind welcomed him in the best way that humiliation had left possible to her. She stirred the fire into a blaze, and gave him the easiest arm-chair.

"I fear I am a little early," said the clergyman, his manner as meek, his voice as kind as ever. "But things were at sixes and sevens at the Lethridges: and I thought perhaps they would as soon I left as not."

"What was the matter?"

"His bilious attack is worse this afternoon and he is in bed. He only got out of it to flog young Dick."

"To flog young Dick!" repeated Miss Tamarind. "Oh dear!"

"It was Dick who took away your prayer-book this morning and substituted the musical box in its place. He is always in some mischief. To do the boy justice, I don't believe he had any idea of causing such results. Mr. Lethridge, however, said a flogging would do him good, and so administered it. I left Dick howling."

"I'm sure I'm very much indebted to you for having come here," said the poor lady. "I—thought—that—you would never take any notice of me again."

"Good gracious!" cried the clergyman, in dismay. "Why I—I— came, Miss Tamarind—to—to."

"To what?" she said innocently, thinking to help him out of his perplexity.

"The fact is, I have had a Christmas box this morning, in the shape of a letter from my rector," he resumed, picking up some courage. "He has raised my stipend to a hundred and fifty, Miss Tamarind: and I hoped that—perhaps—you would not be offended at my asking you to share it. I couldn't speak while I had so little."

Miss Tamarind stared at him with all her eyes, while she took in the sense of the amazing news. And then she flung up her hands beseechingly, and burst into tears and tears.

"I don't deserve it," she sobbed. "But it—I—I have got a hundred and fifty, too—and the house. That will be three hundred: and oh! I will do my very best."

"I have liked you always," he whispered, as he (this ought to be put in brackets of concealment) kissed her. Kissed her, middle-aged clergyman though he was.

Had Bridget been able to see in, just then, she would have said her piece of mistletoe had not been hung up there for nothing.

And so, in spite of the mishap, Miss Tamarind's Christmas Day had a happy ending.

☞ To all who have sound teeth, and would avoid the necessity for artificial ones, the practice of some of the high caste Brahmins of India is commended for consideration, though scarcely, perhaps, for imitation. They spend an hour each morning cleaning the teeth with a twig, and recite certain prayers at intervals.

☞ Field-Marshal Von Wrangel, the oldest soldier in the Prussian army, celebrated his diamond wedding (60th anniversary) on Christmas Day.

☞ A LADY CONTRACTOR.—Mrs. Collins, of Haddan, N. H., is a contractor for constructing a section of the Valley Railroad. She superintends the work and pays off her men with her own hands.

☞ Jackson Haines, "the American skater," is exploiting on the ice at Vienna for the amusement of the Viennese. His performances are enlivened by popular airs played by a military band. There are frequently 2,000 spectators present.

☞ If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right. But do not care to convince him. Men will believe what they see. Let them see.—*Thoreau.*

☞ The Chinese are greatly slandered on the rat question. As a people, they are not given to eating these little animals; it is only among the poorer classes that they are tolerated, and then only because they are the cheapest food that can be obtained.—*Overland through Asia.*

☞ During the bombardment of Paris, women have been killed in their beds and infants in their mothers' arms. One projectile killed four children and wounded five others.

☞ The Medical Press warns ladies against green gloves. It mentions a case in which skin poisoning resulted from their use, an arsenical salt being employed to produce the color.

☞ The people of Toledo have instituted a new social entertainment, called a "Dickens party." All who attend must be clad in character after their idea of Dickens's creations.

☞ Kindness is a language which even brutes understand.

☞ Louis Kossuth is lying at the point of death in Turin, Italy.

☞ The scientific character of the French people is illustrated in the story of a speculator who has made a fortune since the siege by setting up scales on the boulevards, where the people can weigh themselves each day for a trifle, and thus accurately note the progress of starvation.

☞ An eagle was shot a few days back, near Bellye, in Austria, bearing a collar with the date 1646, and some arms partially effaced by time and exposure to the weather.

☞ A lady's dressmaker horrified her the other day by telling her she would "cut her body out" in the course of the afternoon.

Grignon.

It was a pleasant event in my life when I was thrown into the company of Grignon. I was on my way to California, and had taken the overland route in preference to any other. It was on my journey across the plains that I made his acquaintance. Our party overtook a single wagon. It contained a solitary man. The horses were dead, and the man nearly so. This man was Grignon. I paid the utmost attention to his wants. Being a medical man, I gave him all the benefit of my skill and care. As he recovered, he naturally entertained a strong friendship for me. His wagon had fallen behind the train to which he belonged, and they had been compelled by their own necessities to desert him.

The conjurer, however, was destined for a far more glorious fate than to die miserably in the desolate American desert. He was to become an astonisher to the natives (Indians), a savior to civilized lives, and a lion in California.

We resumed our journey. We had started, however, like many others in those days, with insufficient preparations. As soon as we found out our mistake, we had to be very economical in our provisions. We killed buffaloes whenever we found them, and always replenished our water casks at every stream. At length, however, we came to a dry and parched waste, where there was scarcely a drop of water, scarcely a blade of grass, and not a single living animal of any description.

And now began the troubles of our journey. We had come into the country of the warlike Indians, and they were not slow to acquaint us with the fact. Every day they prowled around us in great numbers, threatening and insulting us. Occasionally they used to snatch up something, and dart away on their fleet horses. We did all we could to be friendly, and determined to avoid an open rupture as far as possible, for there were only twelve on our side, and on their side apparently twelve hundred.

Every day, however, only made matters worse. In spite of our precautions, the Indians grew more and more abusive and insulting. We became watchful, and tried to be more forbearing, but our forbearance was taken for cowardice, and the savages began to think that they could do anything with us.

We held a council of war, and determined to bring matters to a crisis at once.

The crisis soon came.

One day a big Indian came riding along by us. He began talking in a contemptuous way, and gesticulating furiously. At last, he asked one of our men for his gun. The man refused. The Indian repeated his question, and attempted to take the gun from his hand. The man drew back. The Indian sprang forward, flourishing his knife and threatening. At this the man coolly levelled his piece and shot the Indian through the heart.

As the wretch fell shrieking from his horse, the plain seemed to be alive with other Indians. From behind every clump of trees, every hillock, every rock, and every rising ground, they poured forth in countless numbers. We had never before seen so many assembled together as now.

And now our companion, the conjurer, came out conspicuously. He had been once in the French army, he said, and understood all its admirable discipline. A few words of warning and a short explanation sufficed to make us form a circle of the wagons, and draw up behind them, with baggage heaped up for breastworks. There we waited for the savages.

But they did not come just then. With loud whoops and screams they gathered upon the plain at a distance from us. The wretched cowards, as soon as they saw our slight preparations, were actually afraid to attack.

They waited till night.

Night came. Our defences were made. Our wagons were arranged more closely, and the barricade of baggage was made higher, deeper, and more effective. In the centre were our cattle. Behind this little fortification we awaited our foe.

Shortly after dusk the tramp of thousands of hoofs shook the plain. Down upon us thundered the Indians. Shouts and yells burst around.

On they came, near and still nearer.

We waited in breathless suspense.

At last our volley burst in thunder upon them.

Shrieks arose from amidst the gloom. We saw not what the effect of our shots had been, but could only conjecture that it had been deadly.

There was a wild uproar—the confused sound of trampling horses, the noise of men calling to one another, intermingled with groans and cries of pain. Without giving them time to recover from their confusion, we poured in another volley, and yet another, loading as rapidly as we could, firing revolvers whole we had them.

The effect was terrible. Many must have been wounded or killed, judging from the awful uproar that arose. For a time there was a confused hubbub of sounds. Horses were trampling, men calling; groans were mingled with cries of rage. During all this time we fired at intervals whenever we heard a sound, husbanding our ammunition, and not willing to waste a shot.

At last there arose a wild tramp of horses, the sound moving away from us; and seeming to show that our enemies had retired baffled from the assault.

Yet we were afraid of some plot. Grignon made us keep our watch, and all that night we lay on our arms, expecting every moment to hear the Indian yell which should announce the assault of the savages.

After a long night, which seemed interminable, morning dawned. As the light illuminated the whole plain we looked around anxiously for our enemies, but saw none whatever. We took a hasty breakfast, and then deliberated on what we ought to do, whether to take advantage of this respite and move on, or wait awhile. Most of us thought we had better hurry on; but Grignon gave it as his opinion that the Indians were yet in the neighborhood and were waiting to attack us on the march. He thought that it would be better to wait at least another day. We all yielded to this opinion, and waited as best we could.

We did not have to wait long.

After a few hours, at about ten o'clock, ten or a dozen horsemen appeared over a hillock in the distance, riding slowly towards us.

"They wish to have a parley," said Grignon. "Some of you step forth, and see what they want. I wish to have a little to say, but will wait."

One of our men was selected, and went outside of our enclosure to meet them.

Meanwhile Grignon lifted a trunk out of the wagon which belonged to him, drew it outside, and busied himself coolly in arranging and tossing over the things. We all thought this was done for the purpose of assuming an air of indifference. So none of us noticed him particularly.

Our representative stood outside waiting for the Indians. Ten of them dismounted, and walked towards us in a friendly manner, while the two others held the horses.

One of them addressed our man in broken English.

The Indians, he said, did not want our lives. They wanted powder. If we would give them what we had, they would let us go in safety, and protect us from the other tribes till we got behind the plains.

Give them our powder! A pleasant request. It scarcely needed debate. We refused.

Well, then, would we give them our bullets? They were very much in want of bullets.

One of us said in a low voice that bullets were the only thing they would get from us, but the Indians did not hear him. Our representative refused very mildly.

The Indians now stood talking with one another. Grignon advanced toward them. He whispered something in a low voice to our representative, who immediately withdrew.

Grignon then stood facing the Indians.

"Are you the captain?" said the spokesman of the Indians, suddenly, as he noticed Grignon.

"No, I'm the medicine man; you can't shoot these men or these horses; I save them."

The Indian translated this to his companions, who burst into roars of laughter.

Grignon advanced more closely. He was looking steadily at the Indian, and we noticed that the latter appeared to be uncomfortable under his gaze.

"See," said Grignon, "you can't shoot me. Here," and he drew a pistol from his pocket, a revolver, "fire at me."

The Indian smiled.

"You don't want me to kill you?" said he scornfully.

"You can't."

The Indian's eyes flashed.

"Shoot!" cried Grignon, folding his arms.

The Indian hesitated a moment. He looked at us suspiciously. Then he looked at his companions, and said something in their language. They all responded vehemently.

The Indian took aim.

"You tell me to shoot," said he.

"Shoot!" said Grignon again.

The Indian fired.

Grignon smiled, and, walking forward to the Indian, he handed him a bullet.

The Indians looked paralyzed.

Grignon showed him how to fire it again.

The Indian fired the other five shots.

Grignon caught each bullet, sometimes seeming to catch it from his breast, sometimes from his face, and each time he handed it to the Indian.

The other Indians were now in a state of wild excitement.

"They may all shoot if they choose," said Grignon, and, saying this, he went to his trunk, drew out nine pistols, and coming up to them, proceeded to load each one. He took the powder and put it in, then the wadding and bullet, and the Indians saw him do it. He handed a pistol to each on loading it. Suddenly one of these fellows took aim and fired. Grignon without seeming to have noticed him, raised his hand, and seemed to catch a bullet from his forehead. He tossed this toward the Indian, who picked it up with an air of stupefaction.

Then he stood, and told all the rest to fire.

Eight reports sounded in rapid succession.

Grignon took off his hat and walked up to the Indians. To their amazement eight bullets were in his hat. Each man took and looked at it in wonder.

"Do you want to fire again?" asked Grignon.

They all expressed a wish to do so.

"Well, hand me the pistols."

To their amazement the pistols were gone.

They looked at one another in wonder.

"You see," said Grignon, "they fired the pistols at me, too; and I swallowed them."

"Swallowed them!" faltered the Indian, and he told this to his astonished companions.

"Yes; do you want them?"

The Indian nodded.

Whereupon Grignon opened his mouth, and, rolling back his eyes, he inserted his fingers and drew a pistol apparently from his throat. Another followed. Then he drew forth a third, then a fourth, and so on until he had drawn forth the eight pistols from his throat, while the Indians stood looking on in utter bewilderment. And no wonder, for we ourselves felt no less astonishment. We could not account for it; we were as much stupified as the Indians themselves.

After this Grignon calmly drew forth six or eight more pistols, then a number of cartridges, and finally a carbine.

"I'm the medicine man," said he, solemnly.

The Indians said not a word.

"Do you want to fire again?" said he, and he offered the pistols to the Indians.

They all shrunk back in horror.

Grignon tossed the pistols, cartridges and carbine over to us, and smiled benignantly on the astonished savages.

He then shook his hand.

A knife fell out of the palm. Another followed, and another. He shook three more out of his left hand, and drew a score or so out of his ears.

"Perhaps you would like something to drink?" said he, smilingly, to the Indian who spoke English.

The savage looked at him suspiciously.

"What'll you have? Rum, brandy, gin, whiskey, ale, porter, wine or cider?"

The Indian brightened up, and spoke to his fellows. They all preferred whiskey.

Grignon asked the Indian to lend him a loose blanket which he wore. The Indian took it off doubtfully. Grignon shook it; a bottle rolled out. He shook it again; a glass fell out. He shook it a third time; nine more tumblers fell out. Finally, he shook it again; a corkscrew tumbled down.

"Will you take it raw or with water?" asked Grignon, as he proceeded to unscrew the cork.

The Indian said nothing.

"Isn't that good whiskey?" asked Grignon, as he poured out a glass.

The Indian smelled it suspiciously. Then he tasted it. The taste was enough. He drank it all off, smacked his lips, looked around triumphantly on his companions, and then—held out his glass for more. At this all the other Indians, encouraged by this experiment, clamored for some. Grignon poured away from his bottle. Each one drank and wanted more. Grignon was quite willing to pour. He was not forgetful, however, of the duties of hospitality. He walked off to the Indians who were holding the horses, who had been watching the scene in stupefaction, and offered some to them. The smell of the whiskey was enough for them. They drank and wanted more.

But Grignon shook his head.

"I'll give you a bottle a piece to carry home with you." And going up to the blanket he shook out a dozen bottles of the same kind as the last.

By this time the Indians were in the jolliest mood conceivable.

"Before I give you any more," said he, "let me make you so that you will not get drunk."

He walked up to the first Indian, and took his hands in each of his, and looked at him steadfastly in the eyes for some time. Then he stroked his brow and left arm; this he did to each. The Indians had got over all suspicion and merely expected that something good was coming. So they allowed him to do as he chose.

Grignon then stood off a little distance, and in a loud voice ordered them all to look at him. Whether they understood or not made no difference. They certainly all did look at him.

I had seen plenty of experiments before in mesmerism and electro-biology, so that the present scene did not surprise me so much as it did my companions and the other Indians.

Grignon simply stood at a distance, waving his arms at times, and giving words of command. Every word was obeyed.

First they began to dance.

Then they all knelt down.

Then they touched hands, and could not sever themselves from one another's contact. The Indians suddenly rushed wildly around, with the others all joined to them, trying to free themselves, but utterly unable, yelling and howling like wild beasts.

At last, a shout from Grignon, the charm was dispelled. They sprang back from one another and stood motionless, like so many statues.

Suddenly they all began to shiver as though they were suffering from intense cold. They gathered their blankets closely around them, their teeth chattering, and every limb trembling.

In an instant they were panting as though suffering from extreme heat, drawing difficult breaths, gasping, and flinging off those blankets which but a moment before they had wrapped so tightly about them.

This then passed.

They began to bark like dogs. They went down on all fours, and evidently imagined that they were of the canine species.

Then they tried to imitate the motion and croaking of frogs. After this, they went through performances too numerous to mention. At one time they became rigid, and arranged themselves like the stakes of a tent—heads together, feet outward. Then four of them knelt down, and tried to run about with four others on their backs; then they all jumped wildly up in the air, and began to flap their hands. At last they made a furious onset upon one another with fists, nails, and teeth, and if they had not left their weapons behind, they certainly would have done some frightful injury.

The two Indians who held the horses looked on in horror, bewildered and stupified, not knowing what to do. They would have fled in their fright, but dared not leave their companions behind. Grignon stood calm, with frowning brows, watching the uproar, himself the presiding spirit of the scene. My companions were confounded. Even some of those, as they afterwards told me, thought that Grignon was the devil.

At last Grignon gave a loud shout.

The Indians fell flat on the ground.

They lay there for some time as if dead. Then Grignon waved his arms, and they rose to their feet. All looked bewildered and frightened. With terrified glances they regarded first Grignon and then one another.

The Indian is superstitious, like all savages; in fact, like all human beings. These men saw in Grignon a terrible demon, who could exert over them any power which he chose.

He advanced toward them.

They recoiled.

He walked up nearer.

They turned and ran towards the horses.

Grignon ran after them.

In a frenzy of terror each man flung himself upon his horse.

Grignon shouted after them.

Away they went. They urged their horses at the top of their speed.

Grignon followed them but a short distance.

Then he turned back and came into our enclosure.

"Gather up these bottles," said he. "Tackle up the cattle, and let us be marching."

Instantly our men rose and obeyed.

Grignon took a heavy glass of whiskey, and then lay down in one of the wagons, utterly exhausted.

We travelled all that day, and all the next night, unmolested. Grignon slept long and soundly. After resting for a time we pushed on our teams, so as to get as far beyond the hostile Indians as possible.

We saw nothing more of them.

"They won't care to pursue us," said Grignon, confidently. "They'll go back and tell such a story as will be the wonder of the savages for many a long year."

Grignon was right. Not only did they not pursue us, for all the remainder of the year, and for all the next, no travellers on that route were molested.

"I don't see," said I, "how you managed to do those tricks, on the open ground, without any table."

Grignon smiled.

"Only clumsy performers use tables," said he. "I could have done far more wonderful things, but they would have been thrown away on those savages. I'll reserve my good tricks for San Francisco."

And so he did; for of all the wizards, magicians, and conjurors, that have visited the golden state, none have won so much fame or excited so much wonder, as my friend Grignon.

☞ A tablespoonful of fresh lemon juice, taken three times a day in a little water will cure rheumatism, it is said, and harden the gums.

☞ The United States ranks second as a coffee-drinking nation.

☞ The present style of men's hats is an exact representation of the fashion in 1840. The present scrambled style of ladies' head dress is of older origin, being, according to a contemporary, the identical fashion which prevailed before the invention of combs.

☞ A strange heresy has got into our heads in this country that we can accomplish anything we want to do by getting into a convention and resolving about it.

Don't Tell Betsey Jane.

"And for your life don't tell Betsey Jane!"

Mr. Nicodemus Harding, having uttered this caution in a low, earnest tone of voice, alighted from a Concord wagon in front of his own farmhouse door, and stood there a few moments in a brown study, watching the figure of his brother-in-law and lawyer as he drove back toward the village of W——, whence the two men had just come.

"Don't tell Betsey Jane!"

Now, Betsey Jane was Mr. Nicodemus Harding's wife—a stirring, notable soul, who made more butter and cheese, and took more eggs and fowl to market in the course of the season, than any other woman for miles around. Strong, healthy, and hearty, she "made the housework fly," to use her own energetic expression; and if Nicodemus Harding owned his farm that day, and was a well-to-do, in fact, a rich man to boot, it was owing in no small measure to the skill and energy, and economy and general go-aheadativeness of his Betsey Jane. Want was it, then, that the ungrateful man was not about to tell her?

"It would never do, never!" thought Nicodemus to himself, shaking his head. "She'd be wanting a new carpet, or a new silk gown, or the house all painted over, or some such nonsense. No, the woman is the weaker vessel, and it won't do to trust one too far. Their heads won't bear it."

So Mr. Nicodemus passed through the house and out toward the barn with the preoccupied air of a hen who has an egg to lay, and don't know where she can hide it from the eyes of mankind to the best advantage. The kitchen was empty and silent as he went through it. But oh! if he could but have seen the buxom, good-looking female who stole silently out of the pantry, and as silently followed him on his way toward the barn.

Mrs. Harding came back in about twenty minutes or so, with a face red with suppressed laughter.

"Don't tell Betsey Jane," she said, giggling into her gingham apron. "You are a very smart man, Nicodemus, and my brother, Tim Noyes, is another, and a lawyer in the bargain. Don't tell Betsey Jane, indeed! Two wretches, you deserve all you'll get pretty soon."

Betsey Jane said no more, but hided her time. A week passed away, and then brother Tim's wagon drove up again to the door, and Nicodemus stepped into it, and was off to the village once more. Betsey Jane had asked in vain to go. Nicodemus was bound on business—"business which a woman could not understand," he loftily exclaimed. He, lord, and master, well out of sight, Betsey Jane went about that business a woman could not understand, with a merry twinkle in her bright black eyes.

At four P. M., Nicodemus returned home again, looking quite as important as before. He tip-toed along through the kitchen, Betsey Jane watching him from the corner of her eye the while. He passed out into the shed. A fragrant smell of smoke came forward to greet him—an odor of burning corn and gradually curing ham.

Nicodemus turned deathly pale, and ran frantically forward to a large fire smouldering in the ash house, and a large ham or two covered over by blankets, hanging placidly there. The yell he gave brought Betsey Jane from the house instanter, to find Nicodemus grovelling before the ash house door, weeping and wailing and tearing his hair, and uttering yell after yell of despair.

"Why, bless me! what's the matter? are you in a fit? Let me run for the camphor!" shrieked Betsey Jane.

"Camphor! Bring arsenic! Bring poison of some kind, poison—poison!" yelled Nicodemus, frantically. "Woman, you've ruined me! Twelve thousand dollars in government bonds did I put in that ash-hole for safety, just a week ago, and you've gone and burnt them to cook that cussed bacon. Pison! Pison! Pison! And let me out of this dreary world."

"Oh—so that was what you were not going to tell Betsey Jane! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Nicodemus Harding?"

Nicodemus could not answer. He laid prostrate in the ashes and howled.

"Get up—and don't be a fool!" said Betsey Jane, amiably. "I heard you and brother Tim conspiring at the door that day, and I watched you go to the ash-hole, and soon found out what you had hid away there. Woman is the weaker vessel, no doubt, but she don't put twelve thousand dollars where the first match that comes handy can burn it up! Here are the bonds, Nicodemus—for ten thousand. I've kept two for my honesty."

Poor Nicodemus! He gathered himself up out of the ashes, and took his bonds—what was left of them. He rather thinks it pays best, on the whole, now, to tell Betsey Jane.

☞ The following is reported in a letter from Versailles, we doubt its truth:—"Gen Von Moltke was appealed to by some gentleman in society the other evening to settle some disputed point in connection with the history of the American civil war. 'I know nothing about the American civil war,' was the quiet reply, at which more than one in the room expressed surprise. 'No,' said the great strategist, 'I have purposely kept myself in ignorance upon that subject, because there was nothing to be learned from it. War is a science, and any record of the mere scrambling of two armed mobs can only produce confusion in the mind.'"

☞ If Gen. Schenck, the new Minister to England, is as ugly as his picture in the illustrated papers, we pity the English—that is all.

☞ The conditions of peace as proposed by Prussia to France, published by us last week, are since said to be incorrect. It is now said that the Germans are, under the proposed terms, to keep Alsace and the fortress of Metz. The indemnity demanded of Thiers in November was four milliards of francs—a figure which possibly has been doubled since.

☞ The London Pall Mall Gazette, the model of correctness of diction and accuracy of expression, in describing an Alpine accident, says of some guides who escaped, that "the ropes snapped just below them, and a couple of eminent members of the club, an earnest American, three guides and four porters were hurried into eternity, *carrying with them rope-ladders, ice-axes, and provisions.*"

☞ Young men who complain of want of means and bad health as reasons why they cannot support a wife, will find a remedy in saving the money they spend for tobacco, rum, theatres, and other amusements and habits injurious to health.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE number of bones broken in the English Lunatic Asylums have given occasion for a curious scientific inquiry; and it is now asserted that the ribs of crazy folk are more brittle than the ribs of the sane. Dr. Heardon instituted an examination of the bones of twenty patients who died in the Carmarthen County Asylum. In nine of these cases "the very frame work of the chest was found to be in an abnormal and diseased state." In two instances the breast-bone broke in removing it, and generally the bones were no stronger than stout card board. In one case the surface-bone was so spongy and soft that it was easily crumbled up between fingers. Some of the ribs were easily cut with a common knife, there being, through the action of the diseased brain, a wasting away of the phosphates.

THE FARMER'S BAROMETER.—Take a common glass pickle bottle, wide mouthed, fill it within three inches of the top with water; then take a Florence oil flask, removing the straw covering and cleansing the flask thoroughly; plunge the neck of the flask into the other bottle as far as it will go, and the barometer is complete. In fine weather the water will rise into the neck of the flask, even higher than the mouth of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether, at least eight hours before the gale came to its height. The invention was made by a German, and communicated by him to a London journal.

POOR John Chinaman has still rather a hard time of it in San Francisco. From the time of the Flood his ancestors have been in the habit of carrying two baskets suspended from each end of a yoke across the shoulders. Whether out of sheer "cussedness," or for some other reason, the authorities of San Francisco have decreed that nobody shall carry baskets after that duplex fashion. But the words of the ordinance are decidedly ambiguous. It says:—"No person shall carry a basket or baskets, upon a sidewalk suspended from or attached to poles, across or upon the shoulders." For violation of this lucid decree, one Ah Wong was hauled before a justice. "But," said the lawyer, "my client hasn't been carrying a basket on a sidewalk suspended from or attached to poles." Here was a poser. The learned judge shook his head, and said he would think about it. Perhaps he is thinking about it still.

☞ Of three hundred idiots in Massachusetts, one hundred and forty-five were the children of drunken parents.

☞ Sic transit—Divorces.

☞ The ninth census has been completed by the bureau at Washington, and gives a total population by the enumeration of 1870 of 38,558 180 inhabitants, an increase in ten year of 7,094,789, or about 20 per cent. Maine and New Hampshire show a decrease, while all the other states have increased. The Western states gained largely; the middle and Southern gained moderately, while the Eastern states are at a stand still.

☞ Mr. Emerson gave a parlor reading of poetry in Detroit recently, and expressed the opinion that Bryant's "To a Waterfowl" is the best poem ever written by an American. Folderol.

☞ Live in your sunny rooms, if you are fortunate enough to have any. People need sunshine quite as much as plants; and every woman is wise enough and careful enough to secure for her house-plants every bit of sunshine she can during the cold winter months. Invalids, aged people, and infants, who are shut up in the house, should, if possible, be in rooms which have a southern exposure; otherwise they will suffer from the absence of sunshine, just as plants would if in the same rooms.

☞ Ex Queen Isabella of Spain is now reported to have attained a weight of 238 pounds, with a growing tendency to enormous adipose.

☞ What is the difference between Godfathers and Godchildren? The former are bled, the latter cupped.

☞ The New Haven papers warn their juvenile readers to be heedful, telling them that a small boy, while on his way to school in that city on Friday, struck his head against a hitching post, cracked his skull, and died in a few hours. It is a sad warning, and would seem to show that small boys, when they go to school in Connecticut, should leave their heads at home.

☞ The postage of envelopes spoiled in directing will be refunded in stamps by the postmaster at the place where the spoiling took place.

☞ Among the articles by which money is made is froth—a thing that is very seldom taken into consideration at all as a commercial article. Yet we are all paying for it, more or less. In each glass of lager-beer that is poured out the tapster realizes about one cent by froth. Leave your glass of lager untouched until the froth with which the tapster has taken care to head it has settled down, then you will see that you have got but four-fifths of a glass of beer; you have paid one cent for the froth.

☞ Children will not require poisonous confectionery if they are given all the pure white sugar the system requires.

☞ Worcester, Mass., has a "milk factory." It consists of a room fitted up with a tank or can holding 180 gallons, into which good milk is put; but every time it is filled forty gallons of a mixture of burned molasses, chalk, salt and water is put in, and the whole is mixed together and sold as genuine country milk. The business has been thus conducted for some time, all the customers receiving their share of the "milk," except a few who furnished small cans to be filled with the milk of one cow, for children.

☞ Two travellers having been assigned to the same bedroom in a crowded hotel, one of them before retiring knelt down to pray, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. On rising from his knees he saw his fellow-traveller, valise in hand, going out of the door, and exclaimed: "What is the matter—what's up?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply, "only I am not going to risk myself with such a scamp as you confess yourself to be."

☞ A Minnesota lady, named Hadwig Kunashkoureska, has cheerfully changed her name by marrying Mr. Hal Dornbroger. But what profane people that man's parents must have been!

☞ A Chillicothe farmer saw a stranger tearing down his rail fence, and hailed him to know the reason. The reply was that he was suddenly seized with the ague shakes, and was holding on to the fence for support.

BUCHU.

[From Dispensatory of the United States.]

Diosma Crenata—Buchu Leaves.

PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic, their taste bitterish, and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

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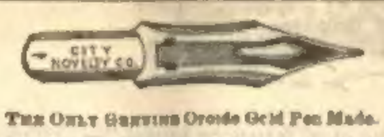

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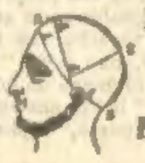

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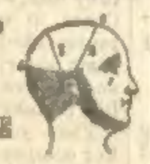

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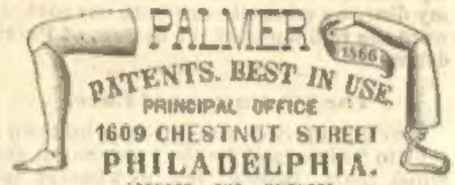

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Fatalism Illustrated.

A certain minister, living somewhere on the frontier of Missouri, was in the habit of saying to his family and to his church: "Friends, you need not take any unusual care of your lives; the moment of your death was written before the foundation of the world, and you cannot alter it."

His wife observed, when he left on Saturday to meet one of his frontier missionary engagements, that he dressed the flint of his rifle with unusual care, put in dry powder, fresh tow, and took every pains to make sure that the gun would go off in case he came upon an Indian.

It struck her one day as she saw him in the saddle, with his rifle on his shoulder, that his conduct contradicted his teachings, and she said to him, "My dear, why do you take this rifle with you? If it was writ before the foundation of the world that you were to be killed during this trip by an Indian, that rifle won't prevent it; and if you are not to be killed, of course the rifle is unnecessary; so why take it with you at all?"

"Yes," he replied, "to be sure, my dear, of course you are all very right, and that is a very proper view; but, see here, my dear—now—really—but then, you see, my dear—suppose I should meet an Indian while I am gone, and his time had come, and I hadn't my rifle with me, what would he do? Yes, my dear, we must all contribute our part toward the fulfillment of the decrees of Providence."

The Limitations of Love.

A newly-married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there, induced her to attempt the ascent of one of the high peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked by her side, expostulating with her fears. He spoke in honeymoon whispers; but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible.

"You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy—no matter where you were—so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?"

"Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant *above the snow line.*"

A Dutch Spirit.

A Dutch widower out West, whose better half departed on the long journey to the Spirit Land some twelve months ago, determined the other day to consult the "Rappers," and endeavor to obtain a spiritual communication, feeling anxious respecting the future state of his wife. After the usual ceremonies, the spirit of "Mrs. Haunts," manifested by raps its willingness to converse with her disconsolate spouse.

"Ish dat you, Mrs. Haunts?" inquired the Dutchman.

"Yes, dearest, it is your own wife, who ——"

"You lie, you tevil of a ghost," interrupted Haunts, starting from his seat; "my vrow speak notting but Dutch, and she never say 'tarest' in her life. It was 'Haunts you tief,' or 'Haunts, you dirty schamp."

And the Dutchman hobbled from the room, well satisfied that the "rapping spirits" were all a humbug, and that he was safe from any further communication with his shrewish vrow on this earth.

Good Resolutions for the New Year.

Not to mix wines when I go out to dinner, and never to touch dessert.

To go out shopping with my wife whenever she asks me, and to do so cheerfully and with money in my pocket.

To try to like classical music.

Gradually to leave off smoking.

Not to sit up late at night, and to get up early in the morning, light my own fire, and do work before breakfast.

To know all about eclipses, ozone, spots on the sun, tides, &c.

Not to exceed my income.

To eat cold meat at dinner without a murmur or frown.

To learn Bezique, and to play it with my wife every evening when we are alone.

To encourage the legitimate drama.

To wear goloshes; and

Not to send any more jokes to Punch.—*Punch.*

The Minister's Parrot.

A comic story is told of Dean Stanley's parrot, which was a great pet of the whole family. One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search some one found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean, who, with the whole of the inmates, rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself in a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

We find this good-sized story in the Congregationalist:—Many years ago, when a certain sect first commenced holding meetings in Plainfield, Rev. Mr. Halleck was persuaded to go and hear their preacher. Being late, he entered the house just as the text was announced, which was Exodus 26: 14, "And thou shalt make a covering for the tent of rams' skins dyed red, and a covering of beggars skins." The preacher went on to say that in those times the people used to catch beggars and skin them; whereas now we feed and clothe them. Mr. Halleck, afterwards speaking of the sermon, remarked that when he heard the text announced he wondered what the preacher would do with it; but he added that he made more of a sermon from it than he could have done. [We warrant that not one in ten of our readers can tell without looking what the word the minister read beggars really is.]

☞ I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatever, for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream and strengthen the general current.—*Dr. Middleton.*

☞ Fine gold fears not the fire, nor solid stone the water.—*Chinese Maxim.*

"By the power of his eye man can subdue the most ferocious animal."—*Buffon.*

BLEAK WEATHER.

Dear love, where the red lilies blossomed and grew
The white snows are falling;
And all through the wood, where I wandered with you,
The loud winds are calling.
And the robin that piped to us, tune upon tune,
'Neath the elm—you remember—
Over tree-top and mountain has followed the June,
And left us—December.

Has left like a friend that is true in the sun,
And false in the shadows;
He has found new delights in the land where he's gone:
Greener woodlands and meadows.
What care we? Let him go! Let the snow shroud the lea—
Let it drift on the heather!
We can sing through it all: I have you—you have me,
And we'll laugh at the weather.

The old year may die, and a new one be born
That is bleaker and colder,
But it cannot dismay us—we dare it—we scorn,
For love makes us bolder.
Ah! Robin, sing loud on your far distant lea—
Thou friend in fair weather;
But here is a song sung that's fuller of glee
By two warm hearts together.

What Women Like.

When women accept for husbands men of such various kinds, it would seem that they are guided by no uniform canon of taste or law of selection in their preference of any particular individual of the male sex. This appears to be so if we judge only from marriage; but the satirists tell us that it is impossible to form any conception of a modern woman's liking from the character of him to whom she gives herself for life. The mocking Frenchmen declare that their devious damsels prefer not to marry those whom they like, and in a caricature by the famous Cham, in which two marriageable girls are represented as conferring together as to their matrimonial prospects, one says: "A and B have proposed." "Which one do you like?" asks the other. "B," is the answer. "Then you'll marry A, of course," rejoins her companion.

We do not believe that our damsels have yet arrived at this perfection of the matrimonial art, and we hope they never may; but it is quite certain that it is often impossible to detect their tastes in the choice they make. It cannot be possible that old and shriveled Tenpercent, with hardly any body left, and whose soul has long since departed, could have excited the least liking in that blooming girl of eighteen who consented to become Mrs. Tenpercent. We doubt, moreover, if the spindle-shanked and brainless Jackanapes is the beau-ideal of beauty and intellect in the estimation of his shrewd and handsome wife. There are so many ill-matched couples that we cannot conceive it possible that taste has had anything to do with joining them; and we must infer that convenience and prudential considerations are the main impulses of human pairing, which ordinarily gives proof of a great deal more of the wisdom of the serpent than of the gentleness of the dove.

Women, however, though they may not always indicate them in the choice of their husbands, have very decided preferences among men. It might be supposed that mere masculine beauty of form and feature would be sure of commanding a woman's attention and securing her affection; but all experience disproves this. Some of the most successful suitors of the female sex have been noted for their ugliness. The coarse, distorted face of the fierce Mirabeau, the leering eye and slavering mouth of the lustful Wilkes, and the dwarfed, skulking figure of the intriguing Burr, were no obstacles to their wooing and winning the most beautiful women. Wilkes boasted, while he confessed himself the ugliest man in England, that he only required half an hour's talk with a woman to get the better of the handsomest fellow in the company. It was certainly not the beauty of face or figure which was the attraction that drew women to the embrace of these ugly but noted men. What pleases woman in man above all things is his devotion to her. The failure of the handsome fellow to gain her affection is thus easily accounted for. He is sure to be a coxcomb, and so absorbed in the contemplation of his own personal attractions as to give little heed to those of the other sex. The ugly gallant is not diverted by any self-admiration from his devoirs to female beauty, and thus gives up his whole soul to its worship; and, whatever may be his shortcomings in other respects, he is forgiven, and receives the full reward of the faithful.

Women, too, are apt to take fondly to those men who are notable. They are ambitious; and by associating themselves with those who are distinguished, they seem to share in their brilliancy of reputation. Leaders of the people, such as Mirabeau and Wilkes, are surrounded by just that kind of *eclat* which dazzles the eye of woman and lures her on.

The physiologists tell us that the natural predilection of man and woman for each other is based upon a law of contrasts. According to this *dictum* the fat and thin, tall and short, the light and dark, should be always paired together. There is no doubt that if human matches were made with the same regard to the improvement of the breed as are alliances among the brutes, there would be a different rule of selection of husbands and wives than is generally followed, and to the probable advantage of the race as regards health, if not happiness. Then many of those who are now considered the most desirable on the marriageable list would be probably erased altogether—some as too old, others as too young, and many for some defect of nature or weakness of disease. There is no doubt, too, that there would be less matrimonial incompatibility than there is if the fair sex would follow their natural instincts with more courage, and really choose in man *what women like.*—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ghosts.

It is a very odd thing that ghosts never keep appointments. Granting that they have the power to come back, what strange perversity seizes upon them as soon as they have shuffled off this mortal coil? The experiment has been tried more than once of making arrangements for future meetings between the living and the dead. Washington Irving, in his Journal, tells of an agreement between himself and a young English friend who was dying of consumption in Spain. It was a plain, matter-of-fact promise made by the invalid, that at a certain time and place and at a stipulated signal he would meet Irving, if indeed it should be permitted him to revisit the glimpses of the moon. Irving, on his part, fulfilled all the conditions—rode his friend's horse to the trysting-place, waited through twilight till darkness, fingered the ring which had been the parting gift of the dead, called to him through the darkness by the old name, and all in vain. From the land of silence came no voice, from the country of shadows no presence. Countless similar experiments have been tried. The dying going out alone, so utterly alone, have clung with fond hands to the living, and promised to come back; but in vain through moonless midnight to matin prime have they been waited for. Ghosts we hear of in plenty, all along through the centuries; but, strangely enough, they like better to terrify belated travellers, or solitary old women, than to return to those who love and wait for them, uttering words of longing, holding out hands of welcome.

The Generous Boy.

One day, a gentleman saw two boys going along one of the streets in New York. They were barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street. "I say, Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these 'ere posies jest where I could find them? And they're so pooty and nice! Look sharp, Billy: mebbe you'll find something bimeby." Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying: "Oh! jolly, Billy! if here ain't most half a peach! and ta'n't much dirty neither. 'Cause you ha'n't found nothing, you may bite first." Billy was just going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said: "Bite bigger, Billy; mebbe we'll find another 'fore long."

Yes, that shows how a hungry boy was glad to get hold of half of a castaway dirty peach; but, better still, there is a lesson of generosity in it. The poor boy wished his playfellow to share in what little he had. See, too, how it is possible for some people to make a good use of what others throw away.

"There is a good deal of valuable matter to be found sometimes in heaps of rubbish," says Professor Tryall.

Perseverance.

Every American boy should have written on his memory with the point of a diamond, the history of Cyrus Field, in his efforts to perfect the Atlantic telegraph.

It required thirteen years of the most untiring labor, and "often," says Mr. Field, "has my heart been ready to sink. Many times when wandering in the forests of Newfoundland, in the pelting rain, or on the deck of ships in dark, stormy nights, alone, far from home, I have almost accused myself of madness and folly, thus to sacrifice the peace of my family, and all the hopes of life for what might prove at last only a dream. Yet one hope led me on, and I have prayed that I might not taste death till this work was accomplished. That prayer is answered, and now, beyond all acknowledgement to men, is the feeling of gratitude to God."

Whatever your line of work, remember it is only a similar industry and perseverance that will win for you the highest success. You can crawl along through life, like the earth worm, with low aims and attainments and never be obliged to make much exertion, but who would desire an earth worm's existence. Who would desire to leave so little record "on the sands of time?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Making Winter Butter.

As prime butter, without fault in flavor, always commands a high price, and an article made perfect in the dead of winter, with all the nutty taste of the best summer grass butter would make an extra high figure, why not produce such a quality, and make a kind of harvest at the season of the year when nothing is done, or worse than naught, by some farmers? Some may say, "It cannot be done here;" but I have done it in the North and the South fairly representing all the other states; it can be done, and very easily, in any part of the Union, with no more trouble than is taken in the production of soapy stuff. Grow some mangles and carrots; cut some grass just as it has come into bloom, and give it plenty of field room, turning it often that it may dry uniformly and be a sweet, bright-looking article of hay. When winter commences, begin feeding the cows in milk with these roots and the beautiful hay, and some good corn-meal will be well paid for, though hay alone of the description alluded to will make first-class butter.

The right kind of food given to the cows is the first step toward making fine butter, and without this being done, the best dairymaids in the world cannot manipulate their milk into the desired article. I believe there are some men who have an idea that it is a kind of extravagance to have cows in milk during the winter; who think calves cannot be raised which are dropped in the autumn, and believe man ought to do like the squirrels—put everything in store for the cold season. Let them eat the tub and potted butter; but while fresh butter with others is appreciated, and so long as there is a market for first-class produce of every kind, allow farther-seeing men to provide the essentials for supplying the demand.

Salt butter in England is considered very little better than hog's lard, and is never brought on any respectable person's table. It is used occasionally on toast, and a good deal in making pastry—but fresh butter and fresh meat are eaten by everybody in comfortable circumstances, except that cold boiled ham and rashers of broiled bacon are very common for the breakfast.—*Country Gentleman.*

Walking Horses.

The best gait a horse ever had for every-day use is a good walk. It is a gait that not one in ten possesses. Colts are not trained to walk in all of the Eastern states. Young America wants more speed. Kentucky has more good walking horses than any other state, for there, horseback travelling has long been in fashion for men and women, over a country where muddy roads at times rendered any other gait impossible, and so horses have been bred for the saddle and trained to a walking gait. This is also the case in all the Western states, and perhaps might have been so in New England, when our grandmothers rode to meeting on a pillion behind our grandfathers. But one-horse wagons have put horseback riding out of fashion, and now a good walking horse is more rare than one that can trot a mile in 2.40.

At the Springfield (Mass.) Horse Show of 1860, the writer was one of the committee to award prizes to the two best walking horses. Out of seventeen entered, the committee found but one which was considered a first-rate walker. This was a Morrill mare, which walked five miles an hour with ease. Two others were fair walkers, and the rest knew no gait that could be called walking. At the New York State Fair the same state of facts was again developed. A letter from Wisconsin says: "I think horses trained to walk fast would be a greater benefit to our farmers in general than fast trotters, as almost all of their work has to be done with a walk." I once knew a man in Massachusetts, who, before the railroads were built, kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, and made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait if kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained. Will farmers think of this and pay more attention to walking horses?—*Farmers' Home Journal.*

Beware of Agricultural Nostrums.

As the season of operations is approaching, we trust that we will not be assuming too much in warning farmers against the tricks of those who offer to sell to them at enormous prices some wonderful new grain, tuber or root. We have tried our best heretofore to protect them against these swindlers, but not always with the success we could desire. A million of dollars was sunk in the "wine plant," which was nothing but the common rhubarb—and we told them so over and over again at the start. Some farmers in the West invested their all in this miserable humbug and became bankrupt. The "Norway Oats" business is not far removed from this. Indeed it is pronounced an arrant swindle, by many. For ourselves we would not at any time have paid the price of common oats for it; and from all the information we possess, it is no more productive than other kinds, weighs only from twenty-eight to thirty pounds to the bushel, and sells at two or three cents less per bushel than white oats. And yet how many farmers allowed themselves to be sold by it!—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Remedy for the Cattle Disease.

No little excitement exists among owners of herds along the river counties with reference to the cattle disease which prevails throughout the Eastern states. An old and well known dealer in stock, says that his neighbors and himself have used for many years, for the mouth disease in his cattle, salt and alum, and always with success. First, sprinkle salt in the mouth of the animal, not repeating the dose more than three or four times; then use fine salt and burnt alum in the same. In Duchess county this cattle disease has been somewhat prevalent, and all stock owners whose cattle were affected have used this remedy, which has failed in only one case. The disease of the hoof, which appears to be of a different nature, has, in many cases, disappeared of itself when the animal has been removed or kept in a clean and dry stable or yard.—*Albany Argus.*

☞ The people are the roots of a state; if the roots are flourishing the state will endure.—*Chinese Maxim.*

☞ To give a man a hard name—call him a brick.

THE RIDDLER.

Shakespearean Enigma.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 18, 3, 11, 4, is a character in Winter's Tale.

My 6, 29, 7, 36, 14, 40, is a character in Macbeth.

My 6, 28, 8, 4, 6, 9, 15, 38, 40, 33, 26, 26, 17, 19, is the name of a monastery mentioned in King John.

My 5, 24, 22, 6, 1, 17, 39, is a duke in King Henry VI.

My 24, 22, 14, 18, 16, 33, 19, 11, 39, is the title of the chief magistrate of London.

My 24, 38, 15, 14, 1, 17, 6, is a character in Hamlet.

My 11, 14, 6, 3, 4, 23, is a character in Twelfth Night.

My 28, 3, 4, 18, 6, 11, 14, is a castle in England.

My 3, 16, 32, 27, 17, 4, is a character in Cymbeline.

My 5, 22, 28, 15, 39, is a character in the Prince of Tyre.

My whole is a quotation from Macbeth.

ROB ROY.

Riddle.

Complete, you'll own, I commonly am seen
On garments now, and old, the rich, the mean;
On ribbons gay I court your admiration,
But yet I'm oft a cause for much vexation.
To those on whom I make a strong impression;
The meed, full oft, of folly or transgression:
Curtail me, I become a slender shred,
But an excursion am without my head;
Again complete me, next take off my head,
Then will be seen a savory dish instead;
Again behead me, and, without dissection,
I'm what your fruit is when in full perfection:
Curtailed—the verb to tear appears quite plain;
Take head and tail off—I alone remain.

Rebus.

An ancient queen.
A water spirit.
A famous city.
An ancient name of Ireland.
A Greek divinity.
The heroine of a well-known fairy tale.
The king of the fairies.
A celebrated city in France.
An emperor of Russia.
One of Tennyson's poems.
A famous outlaw.
Characters of a celebrated tale in the Arabian Nights.
A god in Hindoo mythology.
The name of King Arthur's sword.
A Scottish chieftain.
The hero of a celebrated Spanish romance.

My initials form the name of a novel by Charles Dickens.

ALEXIS.

Diophantine Problem.

5,881 times the square of a certain positive integral number, plus 475 times the number, plus 37 is a square number.

Required—the number.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Conundrums.

☞ Why are the nose and chin always at variance? Ans.—Because words are continually passing between them.

☞ Why is a lamplighter like a cowardly soldier? Ans.—Because he runs away from his post.

☞ Of what trade are the bees? Ans.—Comb-makers.

☞ What is the difference between a belle and a burglar? Ans.—One carries false locks, and the other carries false keys.

☞ Why should a wood-cutter never be hungry? Ans.—Because he can always have a chop by axing.

☞ When are soldiers miserly? Ans.—When they are sworded (sordid).

☞ What kind of bird resembles a London pugilist? Ans.—An English Sparrer.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Discovery of vaccination by Dr. Edward Jenner, of Gloucestershire, England. REBUS—The Scarlet Letter. (Thanatopsis, Hector, Egypt, Shelley, Chemistry, Archimedes, Rome, Lady of the Lake, Ellen, Thames, Little Women, Emerson, Trinidad, Turin, Evangeline, Raven.)

RECEIPTS.

Lemon Dumplings.—Mix with ten ounces of fine bread-crumbs, half a pound of beef suet, chopped fine; a large tablespoonful of flour, the grated rinds of two small lemons, or one very large one; four ounces of pounded sugar, or, if wished very sweet, more; three large or four small eggs beaten and strained. Divide these into four equal portions, tie in well-floured cloths, and boil an hour.

Icing.—This elegant finish, is made by beating the whites of 2 eggs to a very stiff froth, and adding, little by little, fine pulverized sugar, till quite thick. Flavor with essence of Vanilla, or a mite of cream tartar. Lay it on with a broad knife, and smooth with another knife dipped in water. Set it in a cool oven with the door open, to dry. I prefer on the hearth under the oven. If you wish figures or flowers, make up 3 eggs reserving a third till the cake has become dried after icing, then insert a clean new glass syringe into the remainder, and direct it as you choose over the iced cake. Dry again. It is said that ripe fruit may be laid on the icing when about half dry, with a very pretty effect, such as strawberries, &c.

Save a little icing out, dilute with rose-water, and put on when that first done is dry; makes it smooth and glossy. This is more trouble, however.

The Cheapest Food.—The cheapest and most nutritious vegetable used for food is beans. Professor Liebig says that pork and beans form a compound of substances peculiarly adapted to furnish all that is necessary to support life. A quart of beans costs say fifteen cents; half a pound of pork ten cents. This, as every housekeeper knows, will feed a small family for a day with good strengthening food. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal to forty men, at a cost of one dollar—two cents and a half a meal.—*C. C.*